

THE  
**SATURDAY REVIEW**  
OF  
**POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.**

No. 2,910 Vol. 112.

5 August 1911.

[REGISTERED AS A  
NEWSPAPER.] 6d.

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*We beg to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Next week at any rate the crisis must break. We shall know at last whether the Government are going to make any peers or not: no one will regret that the whole odious business should come to a head; and it is something of a relief that the Government are to take courage to send back the Bill to the Lords on Wednesday. Meantime, we shall be treated to a very full political fare—a Vote of Censure in both Houses. This is very right, for if ever there was occasion for special condemnation of a Government, we have it in Mr. Asquith's oppression of the King. This special creation of peers can be challenged on almost every conceivable ground. Even its bare legality is doubtful. Recommendation for a peerage in return for a pledge to vote in a particular way is corrupt in its nature, as the Bishop of Salisbury and Mr. George Cave have shown. Here is another instrument in reserve for the stalwarts, if other things fail. The votes of the new peers may be proved invalid.

Lord Halsbury's following is strong as ever. There have been no defections amongst its leaders, and in the country it grows. If a poll could be taken of rank and file Unionists, it would probably show a large majority for opposing the Parliament Bill on Wednesday. The Chelsea and Holborn meetings show plenty of enthusiasm among those who think this way. Those who think otherwise are rather losing caste by association with the Unionist peers who proclaim their readiness to vote with the Government on Wednesday. Lord Galway is their latest recruit. The bulk of the party who are for standing aside has, of course, no sympathy with these renegades; but the renegades say they are going to vote with the Government in order to carry out the stand-aside policy. Naturally, the public is inclined to mix up the two, especially as the whole Harmsworth press and other "stand-aside" papers admire the renegades. Nothing, however, could be

plainer than Lord Lansdowne's disclaimer and Mr. Pike Pease's condemnation.

There is to be an autumn session: a thing hateful to the Parliament men, yet to be preferred this year to grinding on through a hot August and September. It is the Ministerial crowd in the House that have compelled this arrangement. Mr. Asquith loathes autumn sessions. It is well he has given way. Everyone wants a change. Wiser still would it be to rise, as proposed, about the 18th, and have no autumn session either. Nothing could be so good for the Insurance Bill as a vacation's criticism. Mr. Lloyd George has not had time to know his own mind about it; and the country has not even got a mind about it. There will be no election this year or next; why need the Government push the Bill?

The excitement over the spoiling of Mr. Asquith's speech has not yet ended. No doubt many people on both sides disapprove the plan of shouting down speakers on front benches or back benches; and indeed it is not politics and not magnificent. But how grotesque is the spectacle of Liberals protesting against the plan when they aided and abetted Mr. Churchill the ring-leader of the gang which yelled at Mr. Lyttelton for an hour in the House—because they wanted Mr. Balfour instead! We do not know whether Mr. Acland M.P. and Mr. Hamar Greenwood M.P. sympathised or not with this "gang of gaggers", but their speeches this week carefully suppressed the attack on Mr. Lyttelton. They were pussy-cat speeches. Mr. Acland was the tabby with his purring jest about not daring to compare Lord Hugh Cecil with the naughtiest man in the world lest that naughtiest man should bring a libel action.

Mr. Greenwood was bolder, quite a big black tom-cat—one can imagine his fur, stroked the wrong way by the scene in the House, emitting electric sparks almost. He spoke quite heroically of the courtesy of the Ministerial party and of the advantage the Tories took of it to carry through their plan: and he spoke of the physical power of the great Liberal party too—and of how, if it had chosen, that party could have charged Lord Hugh Cecil and swept him away. Indeed a party, with many men of Mr. Greenwood's will and power within its

ranks, would be formidable. In "Who's Who" he is said to have served for eight years in the Canadian Militia; whilst to-day he is Major in the King's Colonials I.Y., and goes in for riding and the chase. Sir Bingo Binks himself might have quailed at a flourish of his cane.

Were Mr. Churchill and the Radicals justified in shouting down Mr. Lyttelton in 1905 because they wished Mr. Balfour instead to speak? The "Westminster Gazette" is such an honourable and able paper that we do expect it to say "Yes" or "No" clearly to this question. We notice that it urges again this week that there is no precedent as between the brawl in 1905 and the brawl in 1911; and it insists again that Mr. Churchill and his friends shouted down Mr. Lyttelton, the Home Secretary, because "Mr. Balfour was the only Minister who could have given the answer to the question the Opposition were entitled to ask".

Very well: let us—to get at the clear, unequivocal "Yes" or "No"—yield that point. Let us assent that Mr. Balfour was the only Minister who could answer the question which the Opposition had the right to put. Did that justify Mr. Churchill and his braves in shouting for an hour at the Home Secretary and not allowing him to speak? We seek the "Westminster's" ruling in this matter. The Speaker's ruling is not necessary, for we all know what that would be: he would say that such conduct is wholly out of order. The reason why the Speaker did not stop the shouting of Mr. Churchill and the Radicals in 1905 was simply that he could not stop it—they shouted too loud and too long.

The plain truth—known and admitted by every reasonable politician—is that such scenes are out of order. It is true that long ago a Speaker rather impotently replied to a member, a notorious bore, who asked (when members interrupted him) had he not a right to speak—"Yes, the hon. member has the right to speak, but it is for the House to decide whether it will hear him or not". But even that Speaker did not say members had the right to shout others down—he only suggested they had the power to do so. We doubt not Lord Hugh Cecil would admit that he was not in order in interrupting the Prime Minister. But to affect that what is a vice in Lord Hugh and the Tories is a virtue in Mr. Churchill and the Radicals really is a little too much. Political insincerity should be kept within the bounds of reason.

By the way the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with candour and good humour, on Thursday gave away the whole case of the virtuous Radicals against the vicious Tories. He admitted to Lord Hugh Cecil that it was very likely that in 1905 Mr. Balfour's request for decency and good behaviour in debate was made because he—Mr. Lloyd George—had not behaved decently in debate! Loud laughter greeted this admission. Thus Mr. Lloyd George knows and confesses freely that the bawling, rowdy scene directed against Mr. Lyttelton was indecent. It was worse than the scene the other day, for it was kept up for an hour.

The party which "behave like perfect gentlemen" have had another advertisement this week. It has taken the now quite usual form of grossly insulting the Speaker. Mr. Wedgwood's and Mr. Ginnell's correspondence has been put into the shade indeed by that of Mr. Pointer, M.P. for Attercliffe. This member, it seems, writes a weekly letter to his constituents, for their sins, and it is printed in a Sheffield paper. In it last week he accused the Speaker of "violent party leaning" and of failing miserably and pitifully during the scene over Mr. Asquith's statement. On Monday, brought to book, he made an impudent apology which consisted largely in an attempt to justify himself. As his name and speech were involved in this matter, it is a pity the Prime Minister could not see his way to rise and rebuke his follower—but no doubt the Labour party would have deeply resented this.

When Mr. Pointer in his "apology" declared that "what the Speaker does in this House with regard to

public business ought to be fair comment to a member of this House in making statements to his constituents" he was loudly cheered by that wing of the Ministerialist party with whom he acts! One would like to hear the views of the Liberals and of the Liberal press in this matter. But, alas, there is no chance—they have a wholesome dread of offending Mr. Pointer and his friends. The Liberals seem to have sat silent when Colonel Lockwood brought Mr. Pointer's offence to the notice of the House: they would prefer to let these little things slide.

The fault of the Labour members is taking themselves not only too seriously as politicians but also too humorously. One member, for example, is never happy, under his hat, unless he is constantly breaking in with interruptions supposed to be witty. Now the persiflage of, say, the railway cutting is no doubt a good thing in its way; native wit is always worth something; but it is not necessarily fit for the House of Commons. The Labour wing of the Government party would be well advised if in the House of Commons they attended to Labour questions and left repartee to those with a gift of repartee. Mr. Burt, Mr. Broadhurst, Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Burns did not succeed in Parliament by clowning.

Both in Bethnal Green and in Middleton the Government majorities have been well reduced. Radical papers pretend that a vast horde of out voters have suddenly sprung up like toadstools; but this pretence is getting worn out. We heard it in January 1910 and again in December 1910. The out voter would have to be increasing like the rabbit to explain the drop in all these Radical majorities. Besides, does a Radical out voter never breed? Is he so sterile as the Radicals profess? Or can it be that no Radical is prosperous enough to have more than one vote? Or can it be he is too conscientious to exercise more than one vote, if he has it?

We can welcome soberly the figures at Bethnal Green and Middleton then. They show that the trend at least is distinctly not towards the Revolution policy. Even with all their huge bribery plans, the Government are dropping some of the very people they are offering bribes to. Let the glass go down gradually! It is better so than when it goes down with a rush, for then it has a way of rushing up again suddenly. Every bye-election where the Radical figures drop, and the Unionist figures improve, is a harder blow at the Government than shallow people think. Less than two hundred more votes for Mr. Hoffgaard and Bethnal Green would have been actually won. The winning of a seat at this moment of all moments would really be worth a King's ransom—especially to the King.

Mr. Lloyd George has been playing at see-saw with the doctors and the Friendly Societies throughout the discussions on the Insurance Bill. The doctors have scored this week, but the Friendly Societies will cry out, as the Foresters do, that they are betrayed, and prophesy stormy times for the Bill; a prophecy they are in a position to fulfil. Not that by any means the doctors are yet satisfied; and as their terms are only incompletely met by the amendments that were introduced into the Bill on Wednesday, the British Medical Association is to hold a special meeting to discuss the situation. They have gained two important points. The administration of medical benefits is to be transferred from the Friendly Societies to the Local Health Boards; and the insured are to have the free choice of doctors instead of being compelled to call in doctors appointed by the Friendly Societies.

But the third point is one which, as it stands at present, neither pleases the doctors nor the Friendly Societies. Mr. Lloyd George described as "preposterous" the proposal to exclude all insured persons with over £104 a year income from the system of contract treatment. Yet this was the medical profession's own amendment; and it has always contended that the inclusion of persons with incomes up to £160 a year meant the ruin of many medical practices. Their amend-<sup>ment</sup>

was rejected, and another substituted, which allows the local health committee to fix the limit up to which the doctor must take the patient on the contract terms of the Bill. Above this the patient would make his own arrangements with the doctor. It is just possible the British Medical Association may agree; but the Friendly Societies will be furious at the escape of their victims—as the doctors would say.

The Government's Appellate Jurisdiction Bill, which has passed second reading, is admitted by Lord Haldane to be only a makeshift. The problem of putting the Appellate Jurisdiction of the Empire on a proper footing, he said, will never be adequately solved until there is a real Supreme Court for the Empire. Taking it in hand just now, however, would be highly inconvenient for the Government, as it is closely connected with the reconstitution of the House of Lords; and about this it is necessary to maintain their mysterious silence. The plan adopted leaves untouched the complaint made by Lord Lansdowne, in recent debates, that the House of Lords in its legislative capacity is confounded by ignorant people with its Judicial Tribunal. There is the more serious objection that the Bill does not give what the Dominions asked for—a real Imperial Court of Appeal.

Mr. Bottomley's appeal in the £50,000 case, to use the popular description, was dismissed. He asked for judgment, or a new trial. The former would mean, if given, that the Appeal Court thought the Court below wrong, both in its law and on the kind of facts left to the jury; Mr. Bottomley would not have had to pay. Lord Justice Vaughan Williams thought there should be a new trial on the ground of a misdirection of the jury; but Lord Justice Moulton and Lord Justice Buckley did not agree. There is to be an appeal to the House of Lords. Lord Justice Buckley described Mr. Bottomley as "astute" for trying, by withdrawing his claim for judgment, to avoid a discussion of the facts; and said that he was not prepared to allow Mr. Bottomley that advantage, and had deliberately gone into the facts because he thought it right to do so. Mr. Bottomley complained that his case would be prejudiced by this if he obtained a new trial.

The bill has now come in for Sidney Street. At the Home Secretary's bidding it has been checked by Mr. Alpheus Cleophas Morton and Sir Henry Dalziel of "Reynolds's Newspaper"—and these economists have cut it down, on behalf of the taxpayer, to £533 os. 2d. Of this sum £175 is to be paid to the owner of 100 Sidney Street when the house is rebuilt. Over the doorway of the new house a tablet might be fixed stating that here two unknown demons or heroes held the fort for many hours against the police, the soldiers, and the Fire Brigade. A second tablet should be put up at the spot where Mr. Churchill, armed with an umbrella and coolly smoking a cigar, with terrific courage watched the combat going on round the corner.

Mr. Asquith's statement, the substance of which was telegraphed to Berlin the evening before it was delivered, was given a fairly favourable reception in the German Press. The general opinion seems to be that Germany can now carry on her conversations with France in private, without risk of their transmission to a third party. The conversations have accordingly been resumed in very undramatic fashion. Herr von Kiderlen-Waechter came back to Berlin after his audience at Swinemünde. The French Ambassador was among the callers at his weekly receptions, and work was started again without any formalities. This time no secrets have been allowed to leak out. Probably the negotiations are now on a somewhat narrower basis than before, the suggestion that Germany should surrender Togoland in return for territorial gains elsewhere not being approved by the public.

The main difficulty is the extremely touchy state of German opinion. Germany feels, or thinks it feels,

the need of expansion, and, with every nation, natural egotism, expects others to give way. It has been pointed out in quite respectable quarters that France controls much more of Africa than Germany. A touch of similar sensitiveness in London would be no bad thing. Two English correspondents have just been expelled from Agadir, an outrage which would have induced Berlin to despatch half-a-dozen war-vessels. London, however, is not likely to do more than make a protest to the Maghzen. Fortunately the correspondents declined the German commander's offer to intervene on their behalf. Had they accepted it the Germans would have had a good excuse for the occupation of the town.

After a week of vacillation Albanian affairs have taken a turn for the better. The armistice ended on Tuesday, and the news came that the Porte had rejected the terms drawn up by King Nicholas and the Turkish Minister. Then, however, influences, mainly Austrian it would seem, were exerted in Constantinople and the Porte made another effort. It now offers the Albanians the right to bear arms anywhere except in the towns, remits two years' taxation, undertakes to open Albanian, not Turkish, schools, and proposes compensation for the destruction of the harvest. These terms, if sincerely meant and honestly carried out, are perhaps tolerable. It is now for King Nicholas to decide whether he can advise their acceptance and recommend the 15,000 refugees to return home. If they obey and are then cheated by the Turks, it will go ill with the new Montenegrin monarchy. It is not surprising that the King should still wish for guarantees.

The Persian Pretender or rightful Shah, whichever he is, seems to be getting on. Report says he has many friends, even in Teheran; and his followers steadily grow in number. He is fortunate in the delay of the Nationalist or Parliamentary forces to attack him. They are giving him time to gather strength. It would be rash to speculate on his chances; one would not like to give odds on either side. Anyway, they are to be left to fight it out for themselves. Sir Edward Grey refuses, for England, to interfere; and Russia will certainly not openly support the ex-Shah. By the way, the appointment of an Englishman, Major Stokes, to a post in the Persian service—organiser of a Treasury gendarmerie—is not at all acceptable in Russia; also the Russian authorities and Mr. Shuster, the Treasurer-General, seem to be getting across one another.

Mr. Stead has done Mr. Fisher, the Australian Premier, grave wrong. The interview in which Mr. Fisher was said to have talked of Australia being free to haul down the flag was a gross misrepresentation, and Mr. Fisher is very angry. To take up the attitude attributed to him would, he says, not be disloyalty: it would be sheer insanity. Mr. Stead was probably misled by his inability to understand Mr. Fisher's perfectly rational view that in reality the Empire is not an empire. Mr. Stead no doubt thinks it is. Mr. Fisher, so far from seeking to establish Australia's right to separation at the first challenge, is on the contrary anxious to tighten the bonds. Clearly the Labour Premier of Australia is more Imperialist than the Imperial Government. He spoke straight out about Imperial relations, but he speaks out more straight about Mr. Stead's misinterpretation of his views.

Canada is already in the throes of a General Election. Mr. Borden's campaign against the Reciprocity Bill destroyed all hope that the Government would be able to carry the measure without an appeal to the people. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, it is believed, has gone to the country thus precipitately because he wishes to get the question settled before the arrival of the Duke of Connaught. Six or seven weeks will pass before the poll is taken. It is a most awkward time for the farmers. The manufacturers are against the Bill, and the inconvenience the farmers will suffer may prove to be the last touch necessary to convince them of the soundness of the views so recently laid before them by Mr. Borden.



Two notable Churchmen—to use an old word—died on Wednesday. Death indeed seemed to have forgotten Dr. Gregory, who was born in George III.'s reign, remembered Navarino, witnessed Byron's funeral, and was an undergraduate at Corpus in the dark days of Tractarianism, when the Liberals had driven Newman from Oxford to his retreat at Littlemore. "Groggs", as he was affectionately called, often recalled that last exquisite threnody, the "parting of friends" sermon at Littlemore, and how Pusey's sobs were heard through the church. His first curacy was at Bisley, of Isaac Williams fame. As Canon of S. Paul's and in Convocation Gregory was in the front line of militant Churchmanship, especially in the work of building up and defending the Church schools. He also stood side by side with Liddon in fearless defence of the then much-maligned "ritualists".

As a parish priest Gregory excelled. But he was above all things a business man—early training served him there. The first duty, he used to say, of a clergyman was to pay, both literally and spiritually, twenty-one shillings in the pound. The finances of S. Paul's were placed in a position of security by his shrewd energy, and it was while he was Dean that it became a real centre to London of religious influence. Perhaps it would be untrue to speak of Dr. Gregory's *mitis sapientia*, for the wisdom was often there without the mildness. Kind and charitable, he could yet be brusque and abrupt, and it is not so very long since he said some shockingly inconvenient things about the schools question which officialism made haste to disavow. But it was often hard to believe that that venerable and self-effacing old man was the fighting ecclesiastic who stormed so many strongholds in the brave days of old.

If Gregory was a survival of Tractarian stalwartism, fading gradually into his grave, Dr. Paget, whose unexpected death in a nursing-home was announced the same day, was the typical Broad-High prelate of the Mid-Victorian Oxford school, accomplished, supple and a little too sympathetic. But there was nothing about him of the "superficial-honours man" who, he once said, justified the charge that Oxford education is a failure. He was a scholar of the good, traditional Christ Church type, a first-class man, Hertford scholar and Latin verse prize-man. His family connexions and marriage linked him to the Oxford Movement. But after his elevation to the episcopate he was felt to have become very "episcopal", and the High Churchmen no longer looked on him as a leader. It was curious that he became more Lux-Mundi-ish as Bishop Gore gradually shed his theological liberalism. Nevertheless the Bishop of Oxford's death removes a striking figure—in outward form strangely recalling his father, Sir James Paget—from the English Church. It is but a few weeks since he walked by the King's side as one of his "supporters" at the Coronation.

Mr. Edwin Abbey was essentially an American painter, which may have accounted perhaps for his singular success in England. He was not without a certain talent for composition of a rather hard and conventional kind, and he had learned the methods and caught many of the tricks of the French and other Continental schools. But, with the genuine American power of assimilating that which can be best turned to account, it was the modern English school whose idiosyncrasies he had most thoroughly mastered. It was no doubt because he saw them with foreign eyes that he was able so perfectly to adopt and imitate them. In any case the modern English painter's sentimentality, his opaque and oily colouring, which gives to the surface of the picture the popular "chromo" effect, so essential to its popularity at Royal Academy exhibitions, he had made his own, and one had a disquieting impression that he had positively done it on purpose, with his tongue in his cheek, as it were. Still he was on the whole a considerable artist.

The accepted criterion! The sculptures on the opera-house now building in Kingsway "consist of twelve statues more than double life-size . . . the weight of each statue is approximately twenty tons".

#### LORD HALSBURY'S VINDICATION.

THERE is real significance in the jubilation of Unionists both in Parliament and throughout the country at the vote of censure to be moved in Lords and Commons next week. Votes of censure do not as a rule greatly stir anybody; certainly the bulk of voters know nothing about them. They are in themselves a piece of sheer Parliamentary tactics; a move in the game which to the vast majority of onlookers seems to leave things exactly as they were. In fact, the regulation vote of no confidence has much more the character of a full-dress parade on both sides than of an attack. Most divisions in both Houses are foregone conclusions, but none is so completely discounted as a vote of no confidence. The most wavering supporter, the uncomfortable partisan, closes his doubts and votes straight for his party then; the slackster takes the trouble to be there; and the main body of items is even especially dutiful. The affair is interesting to those inside because it brings into action all the great guns; but its result is usually nothing. Yet the announcement that Mr. Balfour is going to make one of these motions in the Commons and Lord Curzon in the Lords has caused quite an outburst of Unionist enthusiasm. What does this mean? Does any Unionist believe that a single Radical vote will be won over in either House? Does he believe that the vote of censure will have any effect on the ultimate fate of the Parliament Bill? As a means to stop that Bill becoming law the move is of course futile. But does that make it a futile move? On the contrary, the Unionist rank and file show a sound political instinct in rising at this moment to a Parliamentary move that would at most times leave them cold. They see in this, or feel, a symptom, a demonstration; and it is because they take it to be the sign of a new temper that they welcome it, not because they expect it to affect the fortune of the Bill in Parliament. For now some long time Unionist electors, especially the keener sort, have been chafing under a régime of tactics and finesse and fine-spun calculation which they could not and certainly would not follow, and of which they only knew that it came to nothing. It might, of course, be very good tactics to retreat: to leave the way clear to the enemy: to make things easy for him. The most effective way to stop a Bill might be to vote for it; the most effective demonstration against a policy might be to be careful not to vote against it. All these subtleties of tactics were things for cleverer men than they to understand; certainly they seemed to want a good deal of explaining. Meantime, the plain blunt Conservative observed that his side was losing and the other side gaining; and that, with things going against us, we did not seem to be fighting very hard. He began to think a little less cleverness and a little more fight would be to the point. He longed for a simple, straight, obviously honest line. And while in this mood he learnt that good tactics would require the Unionist peers not to persist in their amendments to the Parliament Bill; that the Government were to be let off what they disliked most, the making of peers to vote down the Opposition. This was too much; the Unionist voter could not stand this, as the widespread support of the attitude of Lord Halsbury and those who are acting with him shows. If one considers that support of Lord Halsbury has been widely put as an act of rebellion against Mr. Balfour; that the whole Harmsworth press, from the "Times" downwards, has been day after day describing the Halsbury move as disloyalty to the party, it is plain that sympathy with Lord Halsbury must be very general and very strong for the movement to have continued at all. Not only has it continued, but it has gained in strength. And the mass of Unionist electors are jubilant about the Vote of Censure because they see in it signs of an official rally to the Halsbury temper, the temper of straight fighting against that which we hold to be wrong.

It is silly enough to talk of the Halsbury group as causing a split in the party or as disloyal. Does anybody imagine that the Unionist Whips are going about button-holing members to prevent their acting with Lord



Halsbury? Have the Unionist Whips used any influence at all against Lord Halsbury? Did Mr. Balfour even look askance at the Halsbury dinner? Had Mr. Balfour regarded refusal to follow Lord Lansdowne as secession from the party, he would have said so plainly. He has not said it; still less has he done anything to suggest that meant it. After all, what is likely to be the joint result of the Lansdowne and Halsbury moves? Some three hundred Unionist peers are put out of action by Lord Lansdowne's lead; these therefore are to be deducted from the opposition to be met with new creations of Liberal peers. So that Mr. Asquith has no case to support a demand for five hundred or any other number of peers that could swamp the House of Lords. It is not credible that the King has given him *carte blanche*; he can have power to make enough peers, and only enough, to carry his Bill. This calculation might, of course, not work out right; the action of the Unionist peers who talk of voting with the Government might change the whole situation; and other things may happen between now and Wednesday. We lay no great stress on it any way, but it seems a likely resultant of apparently conflicting forces.

One would have thought the enemy's wishes would be a pretty good guide what to avoid; not so much what they are saying now—that may be diplomatic tactics. Baron de Forest, for instance, might well have been told by his party's Whips to advise us not to let the Bill through; for it would certainly not be pleasant to any Unionist to do what he had commended. But long before the crisis was actually upon us the Government had let us know what they wanted. The "Westminster Gazette" always knows this Government's mind; and the "Westminster" has from the first been extremely anxious that the Bill shall be let through the House of Lords without the aid of special peers. First the line was to assume as certain that the Lords would let the Bill go through straightaway without any Government announcement at all as to the King's consent to make peers. There was evidently the strongest desire that this should be; but it was not. Mr. Asquith had to admit to the world that he had put pressure on the King. The next thing was to get us to let the Bill through without any peers being actually made. Accordingly Lord Halsbury and his friends are denounced and Lord Lansdowne becomes a Daniel. If after this we did the very thing they asked for—well, really, one could no more say in vain is the net spread in the sight of the bird. It is holding out our tails to have salt put on them. One often hears it said that nothing could be so advantageous to the Government as to make the five hundred peers. That is not their view, anyway; they would not be reluctant to do it, if it were to their gain. Yet they are; they evidently hate doing it. Lord Morley's own word for it is "undesired consequence". Why it should be undesired by them, when it is so right, constitutional, patriotic, and reasonable a thing to do, Lord Morley does not explain. Our explanation is that they think it would damage them and their party very seriously. The very difficulties, the dilemma, in which Lord Halsbury's conduct has already placed the Government is its ample justification from a Unionist point of view.

Everything must be done to prevent the Bill passing when it comes up to the Lords next week: there must be no mistake about that. The votes of censure are no compromise for Lord Halsbury's opposition. Indeed, the thunder of Lord Curzon's vote of censure will be empty indeed if followed the next day by an acceptance of the Bill. After all, a vote of censure in the Lords is a pious opinion; but a vote against a Bill (or in favour of an amendment) is a hard fact. Frankly and brutally, we wish every possible obstacle put in the Government's way: we are not for giving away a point to them, or a half or quarter point. There is no question here of rules of the game. Party politics, no doubt, are a game; but a revolution is not—it is war. There is no room here for the consideration and courtesies that one observes in a game. This Government has set to work to destroy everything Conservatives care most about—Constitution, aristocracy, country gentlemen, established Church. It would impose on the whole country

a State-made undenominational religion; set up Home Rule in Ireland; and let the Empire gradually dissolve. It has turned the Crown to account for party purposes. Obviously we are not dealing here with ordinary politics. The attack is not to be met by ordinary political methods. We must set our hand to the plough and not look back—not look back though the only way out in the long run be methods of force. Force is sometimes the only remedy. When there is a Unionist majority in the Commons, it ought not to be afraid to follow the precedent of Queen Anne's reign and impeach Mr. Asquith. This may seem wild talk; but may be we are not so very far from wild times.

#### BRANDED.

A HOUSEHOLDER surprised, asleep and unarmed, by a burglar, armed with centre-bit and jemmy, is in an unfavourable position for making terms. He may deliver up his valuables under protest, in the conviction that, sooner or later, the ruffian at whose mercy he now lies will be obliged to restore what he has stolen, and suffer the penalty of his crime. In a civilised country he may count upon this eventuality with some degree of certitude. He may defy the thief to do his worst, and risk a hand-to-hand struggle, in which case whatever happens "*honneur est sauve*", and there is always a fair chance that the scoundrel will turn out to be a whining coward, whose threats are as empty as his belly. The adoption of one or other of these alternatives will depend upon the temperament and character, the courage, moral and physical, of the individual who is in danger of being victimised. A man with any virility in his blood will tackle the burglar, and the ordinary experience of life shows that it is not the more dangerous of the two. But there is yet one other course apparently, which no one in his senses would adopt, who is not in fact an imbecile mentally and morally, and that is to aid the burglar in his felonious projects, to help him to pack up the stolen goods, to present him, as a final act of mental and moral aberration, with a blank cheque, and then to proffer the explanation that by giving the burglar every assistance in his power, and more even than the ruffian asked for, one was not sympathising with the burglar, but was really entering a protest against the misuse of the door-handle. Such is the attitude and such the explanation of Lord Heneage with respect to the vote which he proposes to cast in the House of Lords at the present juncture. "Personally", he says, "I shall not hesitate to vote in the Government lobby, as I shall consider such a vote is given, not for the Bill, but against the abuse of the royal prerogative . . ." Other Lords, who are, it appears, prepared to follow this sapient example, are the Duke of Montrose, Lord Camperdown, Lord Winchelsea, and the Bishop of Southwell. The contempt and scorn which their proposed action has aroused throughout the entire Unionist party may very likely have the wholesome effect of giving them pause and making them abandon their determination, but it will be difficult for them, whatever their ultimate and deliberate decision may be, to escape from the stigma of cowardice, time-serving, and miserable opportunism which must now stain the political reputation of every one of them to the end of his days. When the armies of Napoleon were overrunning Prussia at the beginning of the last century, citadel after citadel was delivered into the hands of the enemy by Prussian commanders without a shadow of resistance, on the ground that the Emperor was invincible, and that it was best to curry favour with him by prompt capitulation. When the tide of the war turned, and the time came for reckoning up, commander after commander who had acted with this cowardly indifference to honour and duty was shot by order of Prussian courts-martial. There was no one to sympathise with them. Even had they been able to foresee or forestall the peculiar dialectics of Lord Heneage, and had argued that their surrender was not a submission to Napoleon, but a protest against the employment in warfare of superior wiliness and courage, there would have been no one to maintain that their

conduct was anything but blameworthy. Their fate was, in fact, a terrible object-lesson to the whole Prussian population, and helped to promote that splendid spirit of patriotism and self-sacrifice which has since made Prussia the great nation that she is. One of the few positive lessons which history teaches (perhaps Lord Morley can confirm this) is the "immanent justice of things", which Gambetta was so fond of proclaiming. Derogation from a high standard of honour and morality, whether in politics or any other department of life, is to blaspheme against and defy the "immanent justice of things", and invariably brings disaster in one form or another upon those who practise it. Cannot the Bishop of Southwell see that to compound the felony which Mr. Asquith and the Radicals are contemplating, whatever may be the immediate advantage which he and his friends thus hope to compass, is in the true sense of the Biblical words, "to lose his own soul"?

The eagerness of this handful of renegades to shift the responsibility of their conduct upon other shoulders than their own is ludicrously noticeable. The responsibility, they say, addressing the sturdy group of honest men who are following the lead of Lord Halsbury, will rest with you. In other words, the responsibility will be yours if, by doing what you think and know to be right, you induce us to do what we do not want to do, and what we know we shall have to explain and apologise for and explain away to the end of our lives; and then have convinced nobody. These men will no doubt pose as martyrs to conscience, because they violated their conscience "for a good purpose". They will plead that they did that "little wrong" to do a great right. But at the bar of history, if history is unkind enough to remember them, they will have to admit the plain fact that they voted for a Bill they thought ruinous to the country, not in deference to the will of the people, not out of any sense of constitutional duty—there is no parallel with Lord Salisbury's vote on the Irish Church Bill—they just promoted one evil thing, which they might have opposed, in order to hinder another they disliked more. On grounds of their expediency they broke every tie of political friendship and party loyalty. These men must be banned by the Unionist party: they must not be heard in Parliament: they must not be allowed to speak at any Unionist meeting: they must be expelled from any Unionist club to which they belong. Let us at any rate purge ourselves of traitors.

#### MISUNDERSTANDINGS AT THE DOCKS.

IT is quite possible to believe that the present outbreak of trouble at the London Docks will not last long. The meeting of the London Conciliation Board on Thursday with the representatives of the strikers and the shipowners is very hopeful. It is especially so in one respect. In the terms of reference to arbitration as settled the arbitrator has to inquire into the relative advantages and disadvantages in the position of the employees of the London Port Authority and the other dock labourers. This is the important question left unsettled by the agreement made last month and being left so was likely to lead to trouble. There is at present misunderstanding rather than conflict between the opposing parties; and so far there has been good temper on both sides. The assemblies of the men around the docks are perfectly quiet and orderly, and are likely to continue so unless the shipping companies should become impatient at the interruption of business, and try a short cut to a finish by introducing non-union labour. The Port of London Authority, which in a certain sense is the cause of the trouble, is so greatly impressed with this danger that it has strongly advised the shipping companies not to be led into this misguided course. It is unfortunate there is not some equally influential body of persons having the same moral influence over Mr. Tom Mann that the Port Authority has with the shipowners to advise him not to talk bunkum to the dockers. He and other leaders of workmen amply justify their position if they apply

unusual abilities in giving them solid and faithful counsel. They are suspect if they are themselves blown up with rhetorical gas, and instead of coolly advising their men inflate them with nonsense. It will not help finish a quarrel which really turns on a misunderstanding of a technical document to tell the men "It is by the miracle of your fingers and your hands that the material things of use and beauty are constructed to-day. You are the magic; you are the wonderful geniuses and the giants of industry. What a power is yours!" Dock labourers are of all classes of manual workers about the last who can be recognised in the greater part of this ridiculous apostrophe.

There is another hopeful element in the London Dock case. What appears at first sight to be a refusal of the men to be bound by an agreement made on their behalf by their representatives is not so really. The agreement made to settle the shipping strike set out the terms of wages, the hours, and payment for overtime which in future were to regulate the employment of the dockers by the Port Authority and the dock companies. It was intended to settle in the men's favour the troubles that came to a head during the strike. The representatives of the men signed it, and the men ratified it in due form according to the rules of their unions. If this were all, and the men simply turned round now and refused to be bound by this agreement they would be out of court. Moreover, trade unions gain the most substantial of their successes when reluctant employers acknowledge the union leaders and consent to enter into negotiations with them for arranging disputes. When during the shipping strike employers consented to this collective bargaining, the strike collapsed and other terms were easily settled. This is what the Dock Authorities in London did; and to renew the dispute simply on the ground of dissatisfaction with the terms would be another of those suicidal strokes which have been aimed of late against Trade Unionism by trade unionists themselves, apparently in sheer wanton folly.

If these had been the circumstances in which the strike had re-appeared, a long embittered struggle would be upon us. But the point at issue is something more than the mere interpretation of the document in which the terms are expressed; and an inquiry was necessary into certain matters of fact which really ought to have been ascertained before the document was signed. The desire on both sides hastily to patch up terms of peace accounts for this essential preliminary inquiry not having been made. When the shipping strike broke out the men under the Port of London Authority were paid sixpence an hour as an ordinary rate of wages, with other rates for overtime. The ordinary rate elsewhere was sevenpence an hour. The terms arranged for an increase to sevenpence for the dockers of the Port of London Authority. On the supposition that their former sixpence was on account of other alleged advantages equal to the sevenpence of the other men, it is clear that they are now in a better position than the other dockers, unless these also have a rise on their sevenpence. The general dockers claim that it was intended by the agreement that they should have this rise, and that they should have it immediately. This is how they understand the agreement. They assert that it was intended to place them in as good a position as the dockers of the Port of London; and that this is not done, and cannot be done without an addition to their original sevenpence, which they understood was provided for by the agreement. The employers dispute this construction of the agreement. On the question of fact too the employers contend that their men are still in a somewhat better position than the dockers of the Port of London. Probably this does not take into account special privileges, such as more regular and lasting employment, which the Port dockers enjoy.

The whole controversy thus turns on the matter of fact whether the object aimed at in the agreement was to put all dockers, for whomsoever they work, on an equal footing. The employers appear to admit this; but

they meet the men's complaint that in fact they are at a disadvantage by asserting that on the contrary they are better off. This is the question referred to arbitration at the Conciliation Board meeting on Thursday. The inquiry is to be whether the work done by the dockers is of a kind which makes the present equal rates of wages an actual unequal payment considering their kind of work as compared with the Port of London Authority employees. On that the dockers' claim to eightpence an hour will depend. Otherwise arbitration, without this guiding principle of equality for all, would only be a technical interpretation of a document. We might have hoped that, in the interval necessary for inquiry, the men would resume work, the advance to date from the beginning if the facts are in their favour. London would thus be saved from the disaster of a prolonged strike. But the situation is not so favourable as that.

#### ART AND MONUMENTS.

USELESS as it may seem, it is really always worth while to go on protesting against a state of affairs that is admittedly unsatisfactory, and that only continues until loud enough protest is made against it. On the death of every monarch in this country there follows a great opportunity for the exhibition on a large and historic scale of the highest artistic expression of which as a nation we are capable; and this opportunity is regularly lost. The artistic standard of our great public monuments is notoriously not the standard of cultivated artistic opinion, but of the common uneducated opinion—that is to say, it represents the taste of the people who do not really care. The deaths of Queen Victoria and King Edward, following each other within a comparatively short time, have concentrated this opportunity in an unusual degree; and we may now expect an eruption of bad statues of King Edward all over the country almost before the tale of not only bad, but ludicrously bad statues of Queen Victoria, is complete. And with the Queen Victoria memorial staring us in the face in front of Buckingham Palace as an example of all that such things should not be, we must now prepare ourselves for a memorial of King Edward in the Green Park which will probably only be less objectionable because it will cost less money and contain less tonnage of masonry.

It must not be the least of the burdens of the Crown under our Constitution that the King spends his life receiving advice; and it is certainly one of its misfortunes that in matters of art the advice which he receives is almost invariably bad advice. Why? Why is it that the clever, tactful, and experienced people about him—people who in their own private lives and possessions show a high average of cultivated artistic taste—are nearly always found, in their official capacity, on the wrong side in matters of art? Why, although their wives and daughters are painted by Sargent or Nicholson or Orpen, do they invariably conduct the Sovereign to exhibitions of the works of Mr. Smithson or the Chevalier D'Auber, whose full-length portraits of the reigning monarchs will probably occupy the place of honour in the Academy of the following year? Why, when a great and, unhappily, enduring monument is to be erected, is it entrusted to a contractor instead of to an artist? And why, when a new stamp or a new coin is to be designed, does it turn out almost universally a thing condemned by cultivated artistic opinion? So consistent a perversity cannot be due to chance. It is unfortunately due to something which in matters of art is even less desirable than chance—to that sequence of inevitable events which is expressed by the word "official". This machinery works splendidly in other matters connected with the Crown, such as applications for social influence, for the royal countenance in public and charitable enterprises, and in the foundation and furtherance of institutions; but it works thoroughly badly in anything connected with art and the things of the spirit. And as the death of one monarch is the opportunity, as we have said, for an expression of the

nation's best in art, so the accession of a new monarch is an opportunity for the selection and encouragement of what is really best, not in the opinion of the ignorant public, but of the informed and educated expert.

It is, of course, a very invidious thing to select, let us say, a sculptor to execute a national memorial; and doubtless the end aimed at is public approval, and the selection of one who has achieved public distinction. But what are our public distinctions for artists? In painting we have the academic distinction, which implies that a man has followed the safe road all through his career, has faithfully pleased the public taste, and used his skill and natural endowment to achieve eminence in the beaten and conventional track. The same applies to sculpture, except that added to the academic distinction there must be the commercial one of having successfully secured and carried out a large number of public contracts. Originality, which is the life of art, is death to any public success of this kind, and a man of genius is almost ipso facto excluded. If an official statue is to be erected, therefore, it is not one of our few sculptors of original genius to whom it is entrusted, but to some safe man of affairs, easily handled by official committees, who will not let his own artistic conception stand in the way of the little preferences of important people. If music for a solemn occasion is to be composed—but no, we will leave that alone. If an official book is to be written it is not entrusted to a writer who will make literature of it, but to some safe courtier who can be trusted to say the right thing in an entirely negative way; if an official picture is to be painted it is not given to an artist who will make it interesting to the world and posterity, but to one who, like the court photographer, can be trusted to deal correctly and prominently with little sumptuary details in a way gratifying to the people for the moment most concerned. This, one may take it, is roughly the principle on which these affairs are conducted.

Is it the best principle? One can see and readily grant all that may be said in its favour; but surely its defects are extreme. To take but one example. For all the years that Queen Alexandra, as Queen and as Princess of Wales, was prominently in the public life of this country, the nation does not, to our knowledge, possess one portrait of her by a painter of genius. She who in all her public and private appearances was always a delight to look upon, and conspicuous for a quite unique charm and beauty, will not live for posterity in any single canvas which will either give any idea of her beauty or of the genius of any painter of the age. If ever any woman should have been painted by Mr. Sargent, Queen Alexandra was that woman, but so far as we know she never was painted by him. Perhaps he was never asked, perhaps he was asked but could not submit himself to the conditions imposed; we do not know, and for the immediate purpose it does not matter. The point is that Queen Alexandra was a great artistic opportunity for this country, and an opportunity so far neglected. It was almost the same with Queen Victoria; except for one or two quite early paintings, the only work of art which will really convey an idea of Queen Victoria's personality and character to future generations was the quite unofficial lithograph of Mr. Nicholson, which is far less a caricature than a character study, but for which we may be sure he never had a sitting. And it was the same with King Edward—a man of character, of a countenance interestingly expressive of that character, and lending himself admirably to dignified artistic treatment; but future generations will know him as a portly blaze of crude scarlet, pinned and clasped distractingly all over with orders and ornaments, and a face bearing a stereotyped photographic expression from which all character and individuality have been successfully eliminated. It is not thus that we remember him, and it is not thus that we would have our descendants think of him. But his portraits are a fine product of the official method of dealing with such matters.

This is one of the few ways in which a modern king of England can really exert a strong personal influence, and it is a direction in which the personal influence of



King George might be usefully exerted. We speak not so much in the interests of art and artists as of the public taste. Painting, literature, music, and sculpture will always go their own way independent of courtly patronage or of public approval, but that way can be greatly smoothed or roughened for them. King Edward, for all his largeness of heart and breadth of sympathy, cannot be said to have done very much to encourage the best in any of the arts during his reign; he left them alone. Almost the only exception to his comparative indifference to the arts was the personal encouragement which he and Queen Alexandra gave to the proper performance of Wagner in this country; without that royal countenance who knows how long Covent Garden might have kept Wagner at bay? And as soon as he went Wagner was promptly banned; consider this season. The exertion of this kind of influence, therefore, is almost certain to bear fruit; and one may earnestly hope that King George will not allow his family to go down to posterity only in the disguise of academic portraits. How charming a portrait, for example, would Nicholson make of Princess Mary; yet Mr. Nicholson, not having trodden any beaten track of official art, is not likely to receive any such commission through the advice of court officials. The art of sculpture is obviously one which almost entirely depends for support on public and official commissions; there are admittedly very few living sculptors of the first rank; of that small number we undoubtedly can claim one or two for our countrymen. We have Mr. Tweed, who has proved himself; and one or two of the younger generation of Rodin's pupils, who should at least be given a chance to prove themselves; but it is not any of these names which we see in connexion with national or royal memorials; and if the King, where his own preference is consulted, mistrusts his own judgment, and if the official and academic judgment is (as it has been proved to be) thoroughly unsatisfactory to the cultivated and informed opinion in the country, why should he not consult informally with a small committee of eminent, and yet quite unacademic artists? It would, at any rate, give a new point of view and shed new light on the subject. For in the merely official world one department is too involved with another to act independently. Any new impulse, it is clear, must come directly from the King himself; is it too much to hope that he will invigorate national artistic affairs with some of that new life which he has already breathed into other concerns, more important perhaps, but hardly more in need of revival?

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#### "TACTICS."

BY SIR EDWARD CARSON M.P.

THE cheers with which the Leader of the Unionist party was greeted when he gave notice of a vote of censure upon the Prime Minister's action in advising the Crown to swamp the House of Lords demonstrated the absolute unanimity of the party in its opposition to the Parliament Bill. No member of the party doubts that the advice is illegal and unconstitutional. No one will hesitate to support the motion of the Leader.

"You knew it was wrong; you denounced it as wrong; you said it was an outrage on the Constitution," said Lord Halsbury at the banquet at the Hotel Cecil, and with that statement apparently the whole party is agreed. And yet we are divided into three camps!—(1) Those who think that this proposition when agreed upon inevitably leads to the conclusion that you should, when you have the power, vote against the Parliament Bill; (2) those who think as a matter of Tactics you should abstain from voting; and (3) those who prefer to be the agents of the Government to do its evil work (to adopt Lord Milner's phrase), rather than allow any interference with the dignity of their order. To sell your honour for a coronet is the definition of a puppet peer—to prostitute your honour to prevent another obtaining a coronet is the definition of this third class. There is nothing to choose between them.

But the man who is left out of consideration, and yet the all-important one, is the ordinary voter and worker in the Unionist ranks. He believed and believes that the party when they said and say that the action of the Government is illegal and unconstitutional were and are in earnest. He is prepared to back the logical course that flows from his belief. He knows of no other. To him Tactics in such a crisis is the deathblow of confidence and enthusiasm, and a vote for what you believe to be wrong a degradation of public life. Would some enthusiastic abstainer tell me what I am to say on a public platform to our keen supporters in the country when the House of Lords have probably through the votes of our own party passed the Bill! when they had the power to vote against it and did not do so? Shall I reply Tactics! Tactics! My dear sir, there is nothing like Tactics!

And am I to go on to announce to him that if he will only "wait and see" he will soon understand that the enthusiasm born of Tactics is a faith that can remove mountains and will lead in the near future to restoration of our ancient Constitution? My correspondence shows me that he is already suffering—cheerful and grateful that he was witnessing a fight in which the passions of his leaders were stirred to fight the unclean thing to the end. He was prepared to follow to the end. He felt proud of the advice which was being given to him—he had educated himself to believe in it and act upon it. Now there is a great awakening to a monstrous delusion. He must bear the sneers and insults of his Radical mates and colleagues. He must begin again and prepare for the great battles of the future, looking forward in hope to the great deliverance which will ultimately ensue for the triumph of Tactics! This is the clear road to victory! "Credat Judæus Apella."

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#### THE CITY.

THE City is still depressed by forced liquidation and the fear that the end is not yet in sight. The effective handling of the Yorkshire Penny Bank situation by Mr. A. Clayton Cole, the Governor of the Bank of England, has aroused universal admiration in financial circles, and the arrangements made to strengthen that much-discussed northern institution have caused widespread satisfaction; but it is useless to try to ignore the fact that the depreciation in value of gilt-edged securities and real estate has affected other institutions besides the Birkbeck and the Yorkshire Penny Bank. This remark does not apply to any of the big joint stock banks, which have all regularly written off the depreciation of their securities; they are in an absolutely sound condition, and are quite capable of meeting any possible external contingency, under the resourceful presidency of Mr. Clayton Cole. Fundamentally conditions are good: money is cheap, and the trade outlook most encouraging; but there are probably a few weak spots in the outworks of the financial edifice which may necessitate further realisation of investments.

In these circumstances the stock markets naturally lack support. Speculative purchases have been reduced to an absolute minimum, and holders of large funds for investment such as the insurance companies and big underwriting firms have no need to come to the Exchange for stocks, because large blocks are being offered to them privately. A careful examination of the "markings" of business done recorded in the Official List shows that the unavoidable sales of stock are being conducted in a most discreet manner; for practically the only support which reaches the market comes from small investors attracted by the low prices now ruling. The home railway department has had the additional menace of labour disturbances to contend with, together with liquidation in connexion with the last fortnightly settlement. The dividends declared by the Great Western and London and North Western Railways were fully in accordance with reasonable expectations, but in these cases, as in other recent occasions, the announcements appeared to be the signal for further offering of stock. The yields on the majority of junior

railway stocks are attractive now, and investors with ready cash are not likely to regret present purchases in the long run, but in the uncertain conditions prevailing a good deal of courage is needed to induce buying orders.

In Wall Street the bears have become more active under the stimulus of a disappointing cotton crop report, unsatisfactory railroad revenue statements, rumours of a large bull operator being in difficulties, and the disturbance caused by the dissolution of the Oil and Tobacco Trusts. Business in Americans on this side, however, is at a very low ebb, and there are no signs of an immediate revival of interest. Canadian Pacifics have slipped back in New York, and although Berlin came in a buyer at the reduced level, the tendency is still downward. Grand Trunks record a remarkable traffic increase of £127,000 for the last ten days of July, comparing with a decrease of £92,000 in the corresponding week a year ago when the strike was in progress. Quotations, however, did not obtain full benefit from the figures owing to delay in their receipt from the other side.

The Mexican Railway's June statement was unexpectedly good. A gross decrease of \$34,900 for the month worked out at a net increase of \$18,500 owing to a saving of \$53,400 in expenses. The net increase reported for the half-year is \$178,700, or about £18,000. The company has also a saving of £1666 on suspense account as compared with a year ago, and an extra £1800 brought forward; so that there is £21,500 more available for dividend. Therefore, instead of  $\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., paid for the first half of 1910, it could pay  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., and although the directors may not divide their funds up to the hilt, the ordinary stock is certainly not dear. The prospect of the current half-year, however, is hardly so good, and consequently the quotation has not responded. A poor traffic return on Thursday quite counteracted the effect of Wednesday's revenue figures.

Mining markets have been almost featureless and rubber and oil shares devoid of interest. The Maikop Oil and Petroleum Producers Company is the latest company in the market for fresh capital; Maikop Spies directors report the incursion of water in their only productive well, and Maikop Victory has had another fire. But these are only incidents in the oil industry, and prices are so inanimate that they are scarcely affected by any news. Marconi Wireless shares have resumed their upward movement, in anticipation of a satisfactory result of the negotiations with the Post Office authorities.

## AN ENGLISH VIEW OF FRENCH EDUCATION.

By ERNEST DIMNET.

THE report lately published by the Board of Education on Secondary and University Education in France\* is highly interesting reading for a Frenchman. First of all, he finds—as is invariably the case—that he is very insufficiently informed of what he is supposed to know, and gathers from the solid, well-digested volume a great many useful facts about which he had only vague notions; in the second place he meets a point of view startlingly different from his own which obliges him to reconsider various issues of importance and acts as a tonic on his drowsy judgment. Indeed Englishmen may derive less benefit from these pages, full and precise though they be. Parliamentary reports are nearly related to diplomatic exposés; they are studiously impersonal—being frequently drawn up by several authors—and their courtesy of tone is apt to be misleading. I really believe that less dispassionate documents, even if they were occasionally inaccurate, could be more enlightening. But I may be mistaken, and I realise more than ever, after reading this suggestive report, how hopeless it is to strive after finality in educational subjects, hanging as they do on the nicest moral and

social issues on one side, and never to be dissociated, on the other, from numberless statements of facts which ten men's lives would not be sufficient to verify. I will therefore limit myself to a few reflections on the late changes in school life and in the academic curricula which seem to have chiefly arrested the authors of the report.

A real revolution has taken place in the last twenty years in the life of French schoolboys. It is a fact that the boys used not to be happy in the lycées: the authors of the Report have quoted two or three documents written by sufferers; they might have quoted thousands. The lycée was invariably placed in a town, frequently in musty monastic buildings confiscated at the Revolution, and often terribly cramped for space. The regulations devised by Napoleon were purely military. The boys were not shut in, they were imprisoned with inferior ushers who treated them as corporals would treat soldiers. The professors never lived in those barracks; and their natural impulse was, even more than to-day, to leave the place the moment their class was over. The headmaster was merely a flywheel constantly changed, without anybody noticing any difference: neither he nor anybody else had the least influence on the tone of the school, and morality was what it could be in such circumstances.

The Englishmen who now revisit those scenes of youthful misery are glad to find considerable improvement. A great many of the lycées have been rebuilt—some of them, like the Lycée Lakanal, for example—at a convenient distance from towns, the discipline is less strict, the boys are no longer marched in silence from one place to another; though there is still little communication between masters and boys, their intercourse is friendly; the proviseurs have more freedom than they had, and the deadly uniformity of yore is giving way to more human methods.

All this is good news to Englishmen who may as boys have heard with horror of the régime they were mercifully spared. Their gratification must be especially great at finding that the tendency in the remodelling of French schools has been to go on English lines, and that a few very successful establishments like the Ecole des Roches and the Collège de Normandie are copied from English schools and partly employ an English staff. Also, and I might say above all, that every encouragement is given to sports considered from the moral standpoint and that there is hardly any lycée without its athletic society. The authors of the Report lay constant stress on this entirely new development in French education.

All this is very well: it must be a cause of satisfaction to every Frenchman that the lycées are no longer gaols, and that the boys in them do something more lively than their old convicts' walk arm in arm round a dingy courtyard. But I notice throughout the Report an almost unbounded and perhaps not altogether enlightened admiration—as only Parisian schools seem to have been visited—of the lycée professor as compared with his athletic confrère in England, and of the brilliant Parisian schoolboy as contrasted with the mere vital energy of his British counterpart. The Report implies all the time that sports are having the lion's share in England and that it is a great pity. Insistence on this point is so marked that one has to remember the many Englishmen one has met upon whom liberal culture has left its charming and ineffaceable trace.

It would seem then that there is something dangerously intrusive in sports, that you know where you begin but cannot foresee where you will stop on this field. Horse-racing is no invaluable acquisition in any country, and the excitement round a playground is unpleasantly akin to that round the race-course. The least experience is enough to show that a boy loses a great deal when his mind grows too much interested in sporting specialisation: he becomes at once an inferior type. Exercise no doubt is indispensable, and the names of dozens of English games testify that the French have always been fond of it (you cannot open a sixteenth or seventeenth century book without abundant references to physical skill and gracefulness), but we did very

\* Vol. XXIV. of "Special Reports on Educational Subjects". London: Wyman. 1911. 3s.

well in my old school on fives, and prisoner's bars; in winter on a roughish game we played with clubs and a ball, and in summer on swimming. Even in the worst periods the lycée boys preserved a taste for fencing, and I believe they were drilled regularly; at all events, when they left school such of them as became soldiers were soon capable of covering the long distances for which the line regiments have always been famous, and the rest had generally energy enough to follow a dog through long shooting days. Sports or no sports, before the invasion of alcoholism and industrialism the French were an able-bodied nation. The authors of the Report show considerable reserve as to the effects of the sporting enthusiasm in France, but I have no reason to imitate their courtesy. M. Demolins and his adherents did not want only to make the French boy more robust and his life more enjoyable when they tried to naturalise English habits in their schools: they wanted to spread the virtues of bravery, endurance, honour, etc., which formed their English beau idéal; above all they wanted the French boy to develop the qualities of self-reliance and initiative which they thought were made more necessary by the modern economic development. How far have they been successful? Do they still believe in the wonderful effects of football, or has it dawned upon them that the flaw in the modern French boy is elsewhere, that an only child will run great risks of always being selfish—even if he is a champion—and that his energies will be mostly devoted to his pleasures?

It is impossible to read history and to retain much faith in the virtues of sports. The Englishman's cool contempt of danger finds vent in rough games; it is not created by them. French energy was at its highest when the women knew no other exercise than the dance and passed their lives in Sedan chairs. Health is necessary for mental energy of any kind, but the energy of a cricketer is only a very small aspect of the power of a man.

Of course, a Parliamentary Report cannot be a philosophical treatise, and its readers want it above all to supply correct information on a definite subject, but it is certainly to be regretted that there is no allusion in the volume we have in hand to the widespread anxiety among the best Frenchmen about the moral basis of education as provided by the State.\* It is also singular that Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, whose catholicity of interest is evident, did not take the least notice of any Catholic secondary school. At the time of his first visit in 1902 the population of the Catholic schools was numerically equal and socially superior to that of the State establishments, and he ought not to have treated them as non-existent. They have one admirable trait which is precisely the one desiderated by Mr. Cloudesley Brereton in the lycées, viz. the constant communication of the masters—almost invariably resident—with the boys, and a plain statement of their weak sides by so fair and competent a judge would be of invaluable service to those who strive to improve them.

I have but little space left for the other side of French education, which seems to have attracted the attention of the authors of the Report, that is to say, the state of culture in the French schools. Here again the Report is not sufficiently critical. It describes at great length and with admirable lucidity—we ought not to forget its sustained excellence in a great many points—the new curriculum framed in 1902 and now in full operation, but it does not attempt any criticism of it. Mr. Cloudesley Brereton records various visits to classes of history, mathematics, French and modern languages—almost exclusively in Parisian lycées, which was a mistake—and his impression is uniform. The French boy is better taught than his English comrade, he assimilates more quickly, and his rendering of the instruction he receives is brilliant, intelligent, reasoned, and facile. The notes

\* Mr. James Oliphant regrets that the Professors of Morals in girls' schools have to treat the questions of God and a future life (page 427), but as he states that only 12 per cent. of the parents (of any denomination) wish religion to be taught to their children he need fear no excess. Besides, philosophy, even in girls' schools, is much more often critical than dogmatic.

printed in the Report revert incessantly to what have long been the intellectual qualities of the French: rapid generalisation, the power of seeing the parts in connexion with the whole, easy and elegant wording. Nothing is more calculated to tickle the national pride of a Frenchman than those technical memoranda. But the question is whether those birth-rights of the historic Frenchman are not endangered by the very programmes of 1902, which fill nearly the whole volume. On page 232 it is stated that the reform embodied in these programmes "meant, if anything, a sacrifice of the literary qualities of style in the case of many boys to what may be called the business necessities and the realities of life. It is not surprising that those brought up in the old French traditions should resent the sacrifice. The questions raised are of fundamental importance in the national education."

They are indeed, and they ought to interest foreigners who realise that the qualities of a nation are, after all, the possession of all mankind as much as that of the natives more immediately concerned. I have no doubt that if the Report had been published a few months later the authors would have devoted a few pages to the immense movement of protest against the wholesale democratisation of French education, a protest initiated by lycée professors and taken up by practically all the intelligent portions of society, including recently not only the French Academy and the Société des Gens de Lettres, but even scientific bodies.

The rapid substitution of a scientific for a literary syllabus is a danger which may be averted, but which can hardly be exaggerated. France has always been rich enough, and she managed to find very practical men at the time of her great colonial and commercial expansion in the eighteenth century without modifying her educational methods. The commercial and political history of England would also demonstrate that Oxford has never been in the way of the City, on the contrary. The Frenchman in the days when he was not so often an only child was naturally active and above all ambitious. Give him intelligence assisted by a congenial culture, he did very tolerably in every department of human activity. What shall we gain by being told from infancy that success means money and that a mercantile way of life is the high road to happiness? We do meet sometimes already the young Frenchman who affects positive views on every subject. Luckily, nine times out of ten he is only a pretender, and it is to be hoped that the national temperament will survive this as it has survived so many other crises. But it is only by great vigilance that the materialistic and coarsely democratic wave can be kept within its channel, and intelligent men like those who have been employed in the compilation of the Report ought not to connive at an obviously inferior propagandism, even from motives of international courtesy.

However, I know that the risk of unfairness is worse than that of exaggerated reticence, and the Report remains on the whole a model of its kind.

## A THEATRICAL LETTER-BAG—II.

### I.

The Commercial Theatre W.

MY DEAR GIBUS,—Do not be surprised. I have a proposition to make. I think it is time we did something about this repertory nuisance. I am beginning to think we should not be too confident of ourselves. After all, who knows really what the public wants? I have just been compelled to get another reader. Every play but one recommended by the last idiot has failed. The public are getting completely demoralised. They seem to go for plays as plays; even the brightest "stars" are not safe to draw. I believe these repertory fellows are doing more mischief than you have any idea of. They have unsettled people's minds, so that many to-day hardly know what it is they want; and there are any number of playgoers who affect to despise a good wholesome play by one of our regular writers.



My proposition is that we beat these men at their own game. I am going to start a repertory theatre of my own, and I want you to come in and help. You always knew more about plays than I did; and you have always professed, at any rate, to understand the "new" drama. I do not expect my proposition to pay; but it will muzzle the opposition critics and puzzle the intellectuals who preach at the ordinary man till he is ashamed to come to a decent theatre that he really likes.

Do not make any mistake. I am going to do the thing thoroughly. I am not merely following Q., who talked high art and repertory; and then, at the last moment, quietly opened his theatre on the long-run system. It was a clever dodge. There are still quite a number of people who imagine even now that there is something high-class and artistic about his theatre in the Corn Exchange. But you cannot play a game like that twice over. They are trying to do it, I notice, at the "Soho", but the thing was really too obvious. To open with a topical farce by the author of "The Man Who Sat on the Butter" was brazen. Even the dramatic critics saw through it.

No: I am going the whole way this time. I shall begin by being interviewed. I shall come into the public eye as the champion of repertory. I shall bring the new men about me like flies. I shall stage their plays at the "Martin", and spare no expense. Either I shall discredit the whole movement, or I shall lead it to victory. I feel like King Richard II. when he faced the rebels on Blackheath: "Follow me! I will be your leader". (You should read this: it is in the "British Boys' Encyclopædia", p. 234.)

Let me hear what you think of my idea; but do not attempt to dissuade me. I am determined.

Yours ever sincerely,

BOXOFFICE.

## II.

### The Principal Theatre of Varieties W.

MY DEAR BOXOFFICE,—Your scheme is worthy of you. I myself, as a plain business man, am already coquetting with the new men. You will probably have noticed that I have had here the enfant terrible of the intellectuals—for the first time in vaudeville; and it is already a rule with me always to have at least one brainy turn in the bill.

Of course there is no money to be made out of repertory yet: so I warn you not to fall between two stools. I am advising you now as a friend; and my advice is of the devil. I am at heart a repertory man myself, and I can assure you that the time will come when you and your like will be an extinct species. In those days I shall come back to the legitimate drama. Meantime you may put off the evil season and hit the repertory movement pretty hard by forcing it on prematurely. Your best policy is to "dish" the movement. Get the most advanced type of play you can; encourage your authors to surpass themselves in their own line. The thing done on a big scale, with all the unpopular elements exaggerated, will miserably fail; and may bring about a reaction. Give them the stuff neat, and as strong as you can get it.

Personally, I refuse to touch the business with a pitchfork. The only refuge for a manager with a conscience to-day is in vaudeville; and in vaudeville I remain till plays and times are better. But let me know how you get on.

I am always yours sincerely,

GIBUS.

## III.

### The Commercial Theatre W.

MY DEAR GIBUS,—Everything is going splendidly. I have already secured three plays—the most modern plays that have ever been written. Repertory is going to kill itself by over-indulgence. You saw my "interview" in the "Courier"? "A good thing, but not a play—that is exactly the good thing I am after." I have been taken at my word. Quintus Maximus has surpassed himself. His play is about everything. It has, so far as I can understand it, neither beginning nor

end. He calls it a "debate". I know something about debates. This is a debate without a chairman, or a motion, or a subject of discussion, or a vote at the end. My reader, who is an intellectual—I am sick of the old sort—says that this play is not really a new composition at all. He says it is a collection of old notes and sketches for previous plays. He says it is not fair to the author to produce it. In fact, it is the very thing I want.

The second of my plays is by your own enfant terrible (first time in vaudeville). I cannot understand a word of this play; but I think it will do. It is about a wholesale draper who is tired of women. So he becomes a Mohammedan and marries four wives. When I had finished reading it I hurried off to the National Liberal Club to find out whether it was I or the author who was mad. I discovered almost immediately that it was the author.

My third play is "Solitary Confinement" by the author of "Strike". It is the finishing touch to my enterprise—three hours' concentrated misery. By the way, I nearly spoiled everything by attempting to paint the lily. There is in this play a miserable wretch who jumps out of a window rather than be taken up by the police. I suggested to the author that at this point we should introduce a cinematograph film of the suicide. I thought it would be a fitting climax to the evening's amusement. To my surprise the author was furious. He seemed to think it reflected upon his work in some unimaginable way. I saw that somehow I had offended his artistic sensibility, and I apologised immediately. I said I was sorry to have suggested the film! that obviously his work was quite good enough without it; in fact that his work was a triumph of cinematography in itself. This made him worse. I had the greatest difficulty in persuading him to leave his work in my hands.

I rely upon these three plays for the business in hand; but my scheme does not end here. For one thing, I cannot afford to run the "Martin" at a loss for the whole of the season. Also I want to show up these modern fellows by contrast with the safe and wholesome playwrights of yesterday. I shall revive the old costume comedy "Sadler's Wells", by the captain and father of us all; and I shall fill the chest at Christmas with a revival of "Sentimental Peter". Whatever the intellectuals may say, the author of "Sentimental Peter" is still unbeaten. I hear that in Oxford a year or so ago there were Sentimental Peter Societies and Wendy Clubs by the score. They had their headquarters at Balliol College, which, as everyone knows, is the most advanced and fearless centre of learning in the world.

I am yours ever sincerely,

BOXOFFICE.

## IV.

### The Principal Theatre of Varieties W.

MY DEAR GIBUS,—I have watched your scheme from incubation to maturity with immense delight. Now it is all over I suppose you are asking yourself whether, from your point of view, it was worth while. Personally I think it was. The intellectuals have had their show, and have failed to do anything very much with it. You have lost a little money; but you have gained all the credit which the repertory men have lost. For the amusement you have incidentally given me I cannot thank you enough. Your own sensations must have been delightful. How does it feel to be praised by certain critics who shall be nameless? Yes: it was worth doing. You have mystified many; delighted a few; disappointed more; and now you may peacefully retire, little the worse for the adventure. Also you have in your ignorance produced one or two really good plays. I know something about plays. That was why I came out of the business. You do not know the good things you have done. I will admit to your credit that you did them with the worst possible motives.

I hope some day you will try again. If you have not killed the movement by your season at the "Martin",

the thing cannot be done. In fact, some day it may actually pay to run this idea on a business footing. When that day comes I shall return to the legitimate drama, and manage the "Martin" for you on the most approved repertory lines.

Yours always sincerely,

GIBUS.

#### MARTYRDOM WITH HOME-COMFORTS.

By JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

AT the present time it is commonly held that we have amongst us many great composers, but no single great composer. At least there are considerable differences of opinion among those who never by any chance write music, and never miss a chance of writing about it, as to who may be the greatest of all our great composers. These critics are unanimous in selecting Elgar as their man; one is absolutely unanimous, all by himself, in awarding the place to Professor Sir Charles V. Stanford; while the rest of us have no especial hero and content ourselves with rubbing our own stomachs and patting one another's backs and rejoicing more or less openly in the thought that at length we are again become in a general way a great and glorious musical people.

The task of making a sort of Heracles' choice preyed on my mind for some time. It was melancholy to realise that I could not feel as the three feel, and as the one feels, that I had resolutely chosen Virtue and scornfully rejected Pleasure, that I had not deliberately, under the very eyes of the gods, taken unto me music that gave me no delight—taken it because it was right and respectable or Academic—and spurned the music which simply pleased my ear and filled my soul with joy. In the end weakness prevailed over strength: I came to the conclusion that it was better to live with Granville Bantock, with Holbrooke and with Delius than to seek the austere companionship of such barren persons as Stanford and Elgar. I could not accept Stanford merely because the critic of the "Times" told me to do so. Neither was the favour of provincial festival committees a recommendation, to me, of Elgar; for those committees are mainly made up of country bumpkins with an eye on getting money for their local charities. They seldom or never know aught of art: they only want to get money for these charities. The money is not used for artistic purposes: it is given to charities—thus the brave committeemen need give nothing.

But, though it may be with a sense of delicious restfulness that one gives up the struggle to like drab, dreary, unmelodious, unharmonious Virtue—of the schools (Stanford) or of the chapel and hospital (Elgar)—yet the question still haunts one: Who is our great composer? and the fact of having left unanswered the question leaves one with an uneasy feeling of duty shirked. So, to rid myself of the gnawings of conscience I have settled it in my own mind that we have no great composer at all, and that neither this country nor this age is likely to bring one forth. It is a most melancholy, miserable conclusion, but no one who seriously faces the facts can avoid it.

First of all let me remark that no particular shame seems to me to attach to our being without a composer of the first, or even of the fifth, rank. Plenty of epochs have got on quite well without first-rate musicians: men ate and drank, married, were happy or miserable and died; and the old green world rolled on its way amongst the stars just as it did in the splendid period that opened with Bach and closed with Wagner. Yet, granting a musical giant to be highly desirable as a credit to a nation and the bringer of added joys to life, let me expound briefly why I think we will have to go without one. "Heine confessed", says Professor Edward Dowden, "that he was not one of the great poets, sound and integral, proper to an age of faith." The age of Heine was the dawn of our to-day: our age assuredly is not an age of faith. I do not mean religious faith: religion does not necessarily form any part of the faith that enables men to dream of art-masterworks

and to realise their dreams. The sort of faith I mean is the faith of the Greeks, the faith men hold in themselves as artists, faith in their artistic impulses and intuitions. The creative men of old, if they would not have gone cheerfully to the stake for the faith which was their art, certainly would have starved for it, and often did. The energy divine worked so fiercely in their souls that they had no choice but to let it loose in the shape of art; Cui bono? never occurred to them; they were the helpless, though not the unconscious instruments, of an instinct that amounted to a consuming passion.

Consider the case of Bach. He lived sixty-five years in obscure comfort; his reputation as a performer stood so high that he might have spent his days in brilliant luxury, the idol of dukes and duchesses and kings and queens; but his creative instinct was irresistible and left him no option but to toil at his organ-playing and teaching for a livelihood, pouring forth the while floods of glorious music, the bulk of which cannot have been appreciated at anything resembling its true value since it was not published till after his death. Mozart almost forgot to earn his bread so absorbed was he in composing music which many could not understand at all and only a few knew to be of the highest order. Beethoven, one of the most successful of composers in the worldly sense, during his earlier years, deliberately "took the new road"—gave up writing the kind of music his patrons liked and paid for and sent forth stuff that puzzled his most fervent admirers and outraged the tenderest feelings of many estimable musicians. Romberg stamped on the parts of his middle period quartets; and goodness only knows what he would have done to the posthumous ones; the London Philharmonic in giving an order for a symphony requested that it should be in his earlier manner and Beethoven swore he had kicked the messenger downstairs. There was no earthly, or at any rate worldly, reason why Schubert should have written so much music which neither he nor his friends ever heard played; it seemed sheer madness for Wagner, after the striking success of "Rienzi", to proceed to the creation of music even harder to understand than the "Dutchman", which few could tolerate.

These facts are familiar enough to all the world, yet how many of us have drawn from them the lesson they teach—preach indeed and shout aloud? The lesson is that in music those who would be great must be prepared to pay the price, and to be prepared to pay the price there must be absolute, unshakeable confidence in one's genius and complete assurance regarding the preciousness of the fruits of that genius. With the exception of a few composers who had luck or business talent—Handel, Weber, Haydn—the mighty inventors have had to endure a degree of martyrdom of one kind or another.

To-day doubt seems to have entered into the souls of all the candidates for musical fame. They are not "sound and integral, proper to an age of faith". They are split, divided against themselves; doubt has paralysed them: they lack the unwavering confidence in themselves that enabled their predecessors to go ahead in search of the new regardless of consequences. Those who pose as great composers want the reward of martyrdom without paying the price; or perhaps I might say they want their martyrdom with home-comforts, on the painless dentistry principle. Strauss and Max Reger on the Continent seem to follow the market with close attention; and on Strauss' behalf the press is worked in this country with consummate skill and amazing energy and pertinacity—not one newspaper is left untried, and in many of them, as I recently remarked in the SATURDAY REVIEW, articles appear which ought to bear at the end the indication "[Advt.]". In England Elgar writes for the festivals, or, when he launches a violin-concerto, he is aided and abetted by a very—and a deservedly—famous violinist; and Elgar has given us nothing truly new or, in my opinion, genuinely great. "Gerontius" is a fine failure; "The Apostles" a shabby failure; "The Kingdom" a miserable failure. Stanford need not be discussed: he is an old stager and I think all serious musi-

cians have made up their minds about him. Bantock, Delius and Holbrooke are all startlingly clever, and all try to startle, but not one seems to have anything to say.

Now, if one art more than another demands that its creator shall have something to say that art is music; without sincere and profound emotion nothing that is at once new and noble can be produced. It is to the lack of this emotion I point. Bach's emotion came from his religious mysticism; Beethoven's from everything that happened to him—from anything whatever, in fact, that happened to anyone anywhere; Wagner's came out of his quaint blend of philosophies. Nothing seems to move anyone profoundly to-day: we dwell in a sceptical age when it seems so much of a toss-up whether life is futile or really worth going through with that men seem unable to work themselves up, over things that perhaps don't matter, into the spiritual state requisite for the production of great music. Our souls are more or less benumbed. Elgar is undoubtedly a seriously devout person: that his whole being is shaken like a harp-string by his religious feelings, so that whether he wills it or not it emits music, I must emphatically deny—if it were he would not fob off on us such incoherent twaddle as "The Apostles". The other composers do not even pretend to be deeply moved by life: they are simply trusting to their decorative invention to suggest to them the new—they forget that the only music that is great and endures comes from the heart and soul.

After all, I say, there is no shame in not possessing musical geniuses of the first rank; and, in fact, such geniuses as Beethoven paid a tremendous price for their achievement. To be eternally miserable over trivialities, or, like Bach, to pass one's life in constant fear and trembling about the fate of one's soul: such are the prices the big composers have paid. Just now civilised humanity is in the trough of the sea: we do not believe, as Carlyle remarked, even in a devil. In due season things will alter: earnestness about life will again be possible, and then, depend upon it, great music will again be written—even England may have her great musician.

#### HOT WEATHER.

BY FILSON YOUNG.

NOTHING is unlikely in the summer climate of England, and it is quite possible that this article may be read under overcast skies and in a biting east wind; but it is written, at any rate, in unmistakable heat, heat of the kind that forces itself on your attention every hour and minute of the day, so that whatever else you may be thinking about you are always remembering that it is hot, and whatever else you may be interested in you are chiefly interested in wondering whether it is presently going to be a little hotter or a little cooler. It is no idle custom that makes English people always talk about the weather. It matters to us more than anything else; it dominates us and affects our minds more than anything else. We have fixed superstitions about it which also dominate us, the chief of these being that it is cold in winter and hot in summer, that spring is a gay season and autumn a sad one. As a matter of fact, we miss nearly all the seasons in England. Our real winter generally begins in January; and our fine and mild weather in October, November, and December is either gracelessly unnoticed, or else taken with an ungrateful sense that it is an accident, and any credit there may be for it due in some mysterious way to ourselves as something wrested from the powers that rule the seasons. When winter does come we have begun to talk about spring, and are then deeply resentful of the seasonable cold. Owing to preoccupations about the Easter holidays, which artificially divide the year, we generally lose our bearings at this point and forget about spring until our real summer of May has begun; this we complacently regard as spring, as a small payment on account of the long season of beautiful weather which we believe to be due to us. And before we know where we are we find ourselves in July,

with the best of the summer over, and absurdly making preparations for summer holidays, which the majority of the English people take in the dead season that lies between the end of an exhausted summer and the rather damp and unpleasant beginning of autumn. The real autumn, calm and beautiful, comes in October and November, when we have become so disgusted with the weather and our own bungling method of missing all its good points that we throw ourselves into indoor pursuits, and pass two of the most lovely months of the year in preparations for a rigorous winter.

Well, we have got it this time. The ordinary Englishman's dream of summer, a blazing July and August, which hardly ever comes true, has come true this year; the dream has been turned into a dread and uncomfortable reality; and, like most people who get what they ask for, we do not like it now that we have got it. The truth is that the ordinary climate of England is one of the most satisfactory climates for human beings both to live and work in. There are other climates which for the purposes of mere existence are infinitely more satisfactory; and as for work—well, I dare say if one's work were to shovel coal into a furnace, somewhere in the icy mountains of Greenland one would address oneself to it with some vivacity; but for the two purposes combined the ordinary climate of England is ideal. Moreover, it is one of the few places in the world where the summer sun can really be enjoyed and revelled in, and not merely avoided in artfully constructed bowers and shady verandahs. I am a true sun-worshipper; but I do not believe in approaching the deity too closely. If his face is not sufficiently veiled by the atmosphere and his rays rendered temperate, as they are for us generally in England, human life is compelled to seek the shade. Anything more inconvenient, therefore, than a direct visitation of the sun such as we are having at present can hardly be imagined. The whole conditions of our life in England are utterly unsuited to it; the houses we live in, the hours at which we work and eat, the way in which we travel, clothe ourselves, and divide our days, are all rendered absurd by a spell of blazing sunshine. It is not really hot in England, as they count heat in countries that are familiar with the sun; and yet the unsuitable conditions make the effects of even a moderate heat quite deadly. The newspapers are full of horrors that, remembering the Englishman's pathetic dream of a really fine summer, have a touch of the grotesque in them. People are taken dead out of railway carriages at the end of a journey, people in automobiles are seen to throw up their hands and collapse; at all moments, and about their daily avocations, people lie down in their tracks and die.

And it is all traceable to the extreme temperance of the sun's rays in our normal climate, because we regard direct exposure to it as a wholesome, kindly, and beneficent thing, and not as a dangerous and deadly influence from which we must escape at all costs. It is really very dangerous for people of a sedentary habit to be exposed for any length of time to the direct rays of such a sun as we have been having. Anyone who has been in the tropics knows the miserable sense of sickness, lassitude and lightness of head that follows even half a minute's exposure to the direct rays of the midday sun; it is there regarded, and rightly, as a malevolent and destroying influence, jealous of animal life, and apparently inimical to everything except the rank and rapid rush of sap, the riot of vegetable life and death which is what the sun, left to itself, makes of a tropical country. Accustomed, therefore, to seek rather than avoid the sunshine, the Englishman is at a time like this slow in taking cover; slow to realise that the sun, like some wild beast, may be playful and harmless at a little distance, but deadly at close quarters; and slow to learn that the sun is, like any other form of fire, a good servant but a bad master; and that the whole question of its usefulness depends on the distance we are from it. In weather like this people should modify their habits instantly, in so far as they can. They should not be tempted into the direct rays of the sun; they should rise early and do the bulk of their work early; they should rest, if they can, after midday, and they should cherish



and enjoy those good hours that come just after sunset. To take too much notice of weather of any kind is a thing of which the ordinary Englishman is rather ashamed; but though he might think it absurd to postpone a long and arduous task out-of-doors because it was raining, he would do well to put it off when the sun is shining fiercely. You may defy frost and ice, and still remain master of the situation; you may perform prodigies of labour and endurance in an arctic winter night; but you cannot defy the sun with impunity. His method of dealing with such defiance is short and unpleasant—a black spot or two before the eyes, a tightness in the neck, a buzzing in the ears, and you have paid the penalty.

This spell of burning heat would be worth while if it really taught people to appreciate the ordinary English climate; but I am afraid it will not. We have invincible powers of deceiving ourselves when any of our superstitions is involved. One of our superstitions (founded on our own climatic experience) is that direct sunshine is a splendid thing, and that you cannot have too much of it. For many weeks now we have had daily proof that this is untrue; that beyond a certain point sunshine is intolerable, or enjoyable only in its negative aspect—that of shade. Personally, although I have suffered from and learned to fear the heat of the sun in many parts of the world, I have never suffered as much real discomfort and inconvenience from it as from this outburst in our temperate climate. I remember once going to visit the lighthouse of Chacachacare, in the Caribbean Sea. The island is a little steep cone-shaped mountain, and the lighthouse is reached by a winding road cut through the bush to its summit. The heat down below was terrific, and it seemed like a wicked desecration to climb up any nearer to the presence of the sun. And terrible as the heat was beating down on one's head, the heat striking up into one's face off the ground was worse; it was like the reflection of heat from red-hot plates, and one carried one's umbrella downwards between one's face and the ground, and trusted to a sun-helmet to protect one's head rather than endure the suffocating waves of heat that beat upwards. All I remember about the top of the island is that there was a spring of water there, and a number of surprisingly insolent domestic fowls, and that the descent had still to be faced. Yet I would rather be back on Chacachacare than in the streets of London or Paris in weather like this. But we shall see, when it is all over, that the lesson will not have been learned, and that this time will be referred to as one of the finest and most beautiful and most delightful of summers we have ever had.

The truth is that much hot sunshine makes life disagreeable in England, and is of no benefit to the British people. Out of the mists we came, to the mists we belong; and to the mists we may some day return, when Destiny shall have fulfilled her purpose with us. It was not from basking in sunshine that our British ancestors acquired the qualities which they have transmitted to us, but from sitting long days in the forest listening to the rain pattering on the oak leaves. Strong sunshine never disposed any race to work or activity of any kind, mental or physical, but only to philosophy and contentment, and a certain sensual savouring of mere existence. Sunshine infects us with contentment with things as they are; the message of the mists is an active discontent, and an impulse to set about one and create a new condition, and to go forth and discover what lies beyond the mist.

#### SOME GENTLEMEN OF FRANCE.

##### III.—A POITEVIN.

SO much has been written of the châteaux of the Loire that few tourists ever think of visiting those of Poitou, which are but a few miles further on. Notwithstanding this neglect, which is mainly due to lack of enterprise and advertisement, they are very nearly as beautiful, and date from the feudal period of French history. Some of these châteaux are also intimately

connected with the history of the Hundred Years War between the houses of Plantagenet and Valois. Thus Verteuil, which still belongs to the La Rochefoucaults, was besieged by Sir John Chandos, who only gained admittance on threatening the Governor that he would execute his brother on a scaffold which he had erected in face of its battlements if the place was not surrendered within twenty-four hours. It was to Morthemer, now the property of Count Etienne de Beauchamp, that Sir John Chandos was carried when mortally wounded after the battle of the Pont de Lussac. Château Guillaume was once a stronghold of the Dukes of Aquitaine, and the head of Eleanor d'Aquitaine forms one of the bosses on the keep, whilst King John of France spent the eve of the battle of Poitiers and the Black Prince the following night at S. Julien l'Ars, now the property of Count Raymond de Beauchamp. These châteaux, as well as Dissais, the old country house of the Bishops of Poitiers, Touffou and Chiray, are all within easy reach of that wonderful mediæval town Poitiers, which is itself some fourteen hours from Charing Cross.

Volumes might be written on the history of the "petite noblesse" of the Poitou. They were not courtiers and have little or no place in the history of the French Court. They bore a great resemblance to many of our own country gentry, living at home for centuries, looking after their own property, and doing their duty by their neighbours. It was enough for them that their forefathers had won their knighthood on the field of battle. They were quite ready to defend their own homesteads, and they fought valiantly sometimes for England and sometimes for France during the Hundred Years War. They also did their share, either as Catholics or as Huguenots, when the Churches were warring for the mastery. The cadets of the family also followed Valois and Bourbons to Germany, to Italy and to Spain, but the head of the family stayed at home. He could not afford to leave his property to look after itself, and therefore many of them returned to the soil either as farmers or as "marchands", and were sometimes described in legal documents as "laboureurs". In this way they saved the family estates, though they may have forfeited their rights to be treated as noblemen for the time being. Titles they bore rarely if at all; but they usually stuck to the particule "de", which their forefathers had earned in bygone days.

M. de Tartempion is a fine specimen of this ancient race. His family have owned the same property for close on seven hundred years, and he can point with pride to the doughty deeds of his ancestor Raoul de Tartempion, who followed S. Louis to Palestine and to Egypt. His descendants distinguished themselves at Poitiers and at Moncontour, but they were not wealthy or rash enough to neglect their farms for the purpose of following the Kings of France on their more ambitious expeditions beyond the frontiers. They preferred to stay at home and rear sheep—a practice which is followed at the present day by Louis de Tartempion, who points with pride to his flocks of the "Charmoise" race, celebrated throughout France ever since one of his distant relatives imported some Southdown rams to mix with the native breed. Tartempion is not a large château, but the smallness of the bedrooms leaves house-room for his two sons and seven married daughters whenever they come to stay with him. On the other hand, his farm-buildings are on a large scale, and he devotes all his time to looking after his cattle and his sheep, ready to take a hint wherever he can get one whether in France or in foreign parts, and has attended many an agricultural show in England and in Scotland. At one time he did a considerable trade with England, but that has ceased since our ports have been closed to live cattle. He is therefore constantly railing at British hypocrisy. They call themselves free traders, and yet are so jealous of foreign breeds that they will not admit any foreign sires to mix with their native cattle. They even carry their jealousy of foreigners so far that the French poodle is not allowed to live in England until it has undergone a quarantine so severe

that no self-respecting French dog would ever consent to put up with it.

M. de Tartempion is a fairly representative Poitevin. He despises all the ways and weaknesses of the world. He might call himself Count de Tartempion if he liked to do so. French titles were never very regular. His great-grandfather once attended a Court of Louis XV., and was, when his "noblesse" had been recognised, announced by the Chamberlain as Count de Tartempion; but he never used the title afterwards, and his descendants have not done so since. In these days, when so many Frenchmen either buy Papal titles or take titles without going through any legal forms whatever, the head of the family prefers to remain as his forefathers were before him—noble, without any title whatsoever. Neither has he the smallest parliamentary ambition. His popularity with his people is such that he would have a very fair chance of winning the seat for the Opposition. He has no particular love or affection for any dynasty. He cannot forgive the Duc d'Orléans the past misdeeds of his branch of the Bourbon family. If any member of the house of Bonaparte were ready to take the field, he would gladly rally to his standard. He is a "n'importe quiste"—anything for a change from the present régime, which he regards as rotten to the core—and would accept the Duc d'Orléans, Prince Victor Napoleon or any dictator who would clear out the Augean stable that has done so much to demoralise French public life. It is too dirty for him, and therefore he refuses himself to stand for Parliament, though he is quite willing on his own personal merits without any political epithet to get into the "Conseil Général" for his own department. There he can do something, and fights often without success against Government jobs and for the improvement of all communications and generally for the advance of the department. He only visits Paris when something is to be done for agriculture, and when he has spent a few days there is only too delighted to return home once more; for it has been an arduous struggle to make both ends meet. He inherited a substantial property from his father, and he has led a thrifty life in all ways but one. He has preached against French depopulation and has practised what he preached. It is a very hard thing to have to supply dowries for seven daughters and two sons when they marry, and he has had to give every one of them on their marriage half of what must ultimately come at his death. He may give two portions to his eldest son, and he does not wish to see the family property split up. His wife's fortune was equal to his own, and in money, which he has laid out with profit; still, notwithstanding all these advantages, it is a hard struggle to supply all the eight younger children with their legal shares without in any way trenching on the family estates. Of course his eldest son has done his share of the business and has married well amongst his own class. M. de Tartempion has therefore nearly reached the summit of his ambition, and only wants to live two or three years more to save the family estates from dismemberment, when he can enjoy life and spend three-quarters of his income, putting by the rest for a rainy day.

### INSECT PESTS.

By P. CHALMERS MITCHELL F.R.S.

I BEGAN to read Dr. E. H. Ross' excellent little treatise\* on the modes of attacking the domestic mosquito with at the most an intellectual sympathy. Mosquitos of different kinds, I knew, were the carriers of dengue, malaria and yellow fever, and were suspected on good evidence of complicity in other pests. They must be put down, and Dr. Ross explains in the clearest way why this must be done, and how it can

be done with complete success at a reasonable cost. It is a just sentence of extermination, and I have no reasonable plea in mitigation. But I like mosquitos; they do not creep or run, swarm into food or drink, or pour down from the lamp in writhing disablement, but go about their bloodthirsty business with the clean grace and lively intelligence of a carnivorous, predatory animal. It gives me no horror to be attacked by mosquitos; they have their annual tribute from me as part of the holiday routine. Some thymol pounded in vaseline for the face and ankles, a little hole scraped with a needle in the white centre of a smarting bite and filled with a grain or two of wet table salt; these are my simple and satisfactory remedies. Confident in them, I find the silvery trumpets in the room blend in a drowsy harmony with the louder singing of the grasshoppers that shrills through the open window. For me mosquitos are part of the warm South, and I have no heart in the matter of their destruction. This, however, is shallow sentiment, and it is an elemental condition of man's conquest of the tropics that domestic mosquitos should be wiped out. The aquatic larval stage is the vulnerable point in their life-history. Casual rain-pools must be levelled, the litter of empty cans and broken crockery in which rain-water stagnates must be cleared away, cisterns and water-butts must be covered, cesspits and drains well oiled with petroleum, and fountains and tanks peopled with little greedy shining fishes.\*

Dr. Ross does not write of the common domestic insect pests of this country, although to my mind the emotions and the intelligence combine to demand their destruction. First there are cockroaches, the most repulsive of living creatures. Their odour, their lurking habits by daylight and their swift rush when disturbed, the knowledge that by night they swarm over everything, leaving no spot uncontaminated, fouling food and dishes, destroying every animal and vegetable substance they can reach, and the horrible prodigy that some of them (the males) can fly, should secure for them the resolute hatred of mankind. In this country they are alien intruders. The common "blackbeetle" came from the East, and when Gilbert White wrote was still "an unusual insect" at Selborne. The larger and browner American cockroach is probably a later immigrant; it is curiously local in its distribution in England, but it has established itself in the London Zoological Gardens, in certain London squares and City warehouses. The greater cleanliness of modern houses has done something to subdue the cockroach, but, on the other hand, the increased use of steam heating has been in its favour. It shuns cold, and formerly, although it might range through a house on foraging expeditions, its headquarters were the kitchen. Now the pipes that traverse a house from floor to floor, taking hot water to the bedrooms and serving radiators, form highways for it, and provide endless inaccessible lurking and breeding places.

Those that have the resolution to examine cockroaches have ascertained that they harbour an amazing number of parasites, some of them common to man, and there can be no doubt that their presence in a house makes the isolation of a sickroom impossible and undoes the best precautions against the contamination of food and drink by microbes. Fortunately there are many ways of killing them off. I may give one which I have found completely successful. Dissolve borax in hot water until it will absorb no more; add to the solution an equal quantity of turpentine, and then, with a house-painter's brush, coat every nook and cranny with the mixture, covering the hot-water pipes, the angles between the skirting-boards and the floor, the interior of cupboards, the backs of wooden shelves, the doorposts where the doors are hinged, and so forth. Next

\* "The Reduction of Domestic Mosquitos; Instructions for the Use of Municipalities, Town Councils, Health Officers, Sanitary Inspectors, and Residents in Warm Climates." By Edward Halford Ross, Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine. With Illustrations. London: Murray. 1911. 5s. net.

\* It is believed that the "Millions" fish of Barbados (*Girardinus poecilloides*) is a special adept at devouring mosquito larvae, and expensive and unsuccessful attempts have been made to transport it to other tropical regions. It thrives, wherever the temperature is sufficiently high, in small tanks, the basins of fountains, and so forth, and thus certainly keeps down the domestic mosquito. But goldfish and the little freshwater fishes of other parts of the world serve equally well.

morning the moribund insects will be found littering the floor and may be swept up and destroyed. Of course, in time they will creep into the house again, coming with the linen from the laundry, in the baker's basket, or from next door. But they can be kept down, and if there were a united anti-cockroach campaign in London they could be practically exterminated, to the great advantage, I do not doubt, of our health. Here in the Zoological Gardens, where in many of the houses the system of heating and the abundant presence of scraps of food make the conditions ideal for cockroaches, it has been found quite easy to clear them out of a particular house, and to keep them out. But there is a conflict of interest; cockroaches are greedily eaten by a great many birds and reptiles and by some mammals, and I am assured by practical experts—although I don't agree—that they form a suitable food.

Bluebottles and houseflies are a domestic plague possibly less annoying but at least as dangerous as cockroaches. To my mind they are incomparably more repulsive than mosquitos. They are not bloodsuckers, coveting the clean juices of the body, but are attracted by the odours of filth and corruption, and their attentions are an insult and a degradation. Their direct danger to human health has been proved beyond all doubt. It will be remembered that Darwin raised no less than eighty-two plants from seeds accidentally present in a lump of earth adhering to the leg of a partridge. Similarly, flies have been made to crawl over plates of sterilised nutritive media, prepared by bacteriologists, and on subsequent cultivation each footprint has given rise to colonies of microbes. The common moulds and bacteria that cause putrefaction, the germs of many fevers, of the enteric troubles of children, of forms of ophthalmia and of many parasitic skin diseases are certainly carried by houseflies.

By concerted action in great towns it would be possible and not very difficult practically to exterminate bluebottles and to reduce houseflies to an almost harmless remnant. Saucers of water to which have been added a few drops of formalin very soon clear rooms of flies. But the most certain method is to attack them in their breeding haunts. Bluebottles deposit their eggs in decaying animal matter, on which the larvæ feed, and their extermination is no more than a question of efficient scavenging, the immediate destruction of fly-blown material, and the prevention of the access of the adults to animal substances. Houseflies breed chiefly in stable-manure, and already the replacement of horse traffic by motor traffic is doing much to reduce their numbers. The diseases of the tropics make a dramatic appeal to us, and we are disposed to regard the familiar scourges of our own country as inevitable. But the extermination of the insect pests of our own houses is as important and as practicable as the campaign against mosquitos in Panama, and would lower the death-rate and increase the comfort and happiness of the population.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### THE CRISIS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

10 The Green, Richmond.

SIR,—Is not the Constitutional party divided because it hesitates to apply for a Constitutional disease—treasonable advice to the Sovereign by his responsible Ministers—the Constitutional remedy—impeachment of the evil doers and counsellors? Those persons who accepted peerages after impeachment of their principals would become accomplices in their treason, and their peerages in the case of conviction by their peers would be void ab initio.

I am, Sir, yours obediently

CHARLES KAINS-JACKSON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Loughton, Cherry Hinton, Cambridge,

31 July 1911.

SIR,—I ask leave to respond to Lord Alfred Douglas re his letter in reference to the supreme importance which the King's attitude bears upon the crisis. In the correspondence of a contemporary, of which Lord Alfred Douglas was lately the proprietor and editor, and which is still a staunch upholder of the Union, I have myself drawn attention to this crucial question—namely, the Sovereign's rights of freedom, which will have to be boldly faced before any constitutional settlement is arrived at. For if, as Lord Alfred Douglas himself rightly infers, the King possesses no free heritage, apart from the mock freedom which is discovered in mere Crown privileges or prerogatives, then the very fundamental nature of the British Constitution is belied. In other words, its character of freedom is missing, since a country which is monarchically governed or ordered cannot possibly be said to be justly and freely ruled if the Sovereign possesses no free heritage.

No, Sir; although my own letter on this momentous matter has seemingly passed unnoticed, it will still have to be thoroughly and fearlessly considered before either the King's assent or the Prime Minister's advice to an act of tyranny can be held to be in accord with the laws of free government. For if the British Constitution is one of freedom, then the King's assent and the Prime Minister's advice to an act of tyranny are both constitutionally harmless things, in that so long as the British Constitution really exists they are invalid or powerless. But if, on the other hand, they are held to be valid, then the British Constitution, so far as its basis of freedom is concerned, is and has always been an absolute myth. Moreover, the attitude of the Peers must be judged, and judged only, from this standpoint. If they surrender to a tyrannic form of the Royal Prerogative the people's liberties are unconditionally sold, but if they resist such a form of procedure the people's liberties are conditionally respected.

As a matter of fact England has been brought gradually face to face with a second Runnymede.

I have the honour to remain, Sir

Your obedient servant

H. C. DANIEL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Temple, E.C.

SIR,—As one who ran about in the wet, cold, and mud of last December working for the Unionist cause, I feel more than annoyed with Unionist papers for muzzling correspondents either by not inserting or, if inserting, by deleting from letters dealing with the present political situation from a certain point of view. That point of view Lord Alfred Douglas dealt with in your last issue, and it is one contemplating the position of the Monarch, his duties and rights, in such a situation as the present.

I, like your correspondent, really do not understand the squeamishness of the papers in their reluctance to consider this subject. The gravity of the question, the freedom of the Press, and the freedom of public discussion, alike demand that the situation should be looked at from all points of view. It is alleged that the King's name should not be drawn into party politics. I agree that it should not be drawn into a question concerning the greasing of a parish pump, but this is a question of greater import. At any rate, the King's name has already been brought into the arena to a pretty fine tune by Mr. Asquith.

As my purpose is to strengthen the Monarchy, and by so doing protect the State, I cannot be accused of disloyalty when I refer to the action of the King in yielding to the Prime Minister's request for certain alleged guarantees. I consider that in moments of national importance it is the right of his Majesty's subjects to let their monarch know all sides of the national mind upon any matter. "High Church and Tory for ever!"



We hope your Majesty is for Dr. Sacheverell", cried the loyal mob to Queen Anne.

The fact that in the present instance the King gave Mr. Asquith the precious guarantees proves his desire to pay his chief adviser the compliment of taking his advice, without at all preventing, if he thinks fit, a similar compliment to those loyal subjects who happen to be in the minority, especially when the atrocious nature of the constitutional advice is afterwards more clearly betrayed. Surely the 3,000,000 or so Unionist voters offer his Majesty sufficient moral support in the desire that he, as a monarch, must have to protect an important minority of his people and preserve the Constitution.

Now, if certain advice has been followed in connexion with the Parliament Bill, what is going to happen when the abolition of plural voting, Disestablishment, and other wild-cat measures are brought forward? A step has been taken towards the abolition of the Monarchy. If the Crown blindly consents to all propositions put before it by a Radical Ministry, then the Crown is likely to perish from an excess of amiability. The last weapon loyalists can fall back upon is the Royal will. If that will is weak then the position of the Constitution is hopeless. The present situation is part of a strife that will eventually rage about the Monarchy, but that strife can be rendered less dangerous to the State by the strength of the King.

I venture to submit a proposition that might well find a place in constitutional law, if it be not already in that olla podrida. It is this: Where a measure affecting the Constitution or otherwise of national importance is presented to the King for assent and such measure is not backed up by an overwhelming majority of the nation, then it is open for the Monarch to refuse his assent until an effective majority is obtained for such measure. The counting of noses in the House of Commons is for the Ministry; the Monarch has a more personal duty in counting the noses of those opposed to a revolutionary measure. Friendly societies by their rules provide that no alteration in their constitutions shall pass except by two-thirds or three-fourths majorities. Surely the stability of a State is of more importance than that of a friendly society? Sooner or later it will be seen that the Royal power is the only effective weapon against Radical revolution. Radicals are fond of alluding to civil war. It behoves Unionists to take care that in such a terrible event they fight as loyalists and not as rebels. What has happened in Portugal? Before the overthrow of the Monarchy those supporting the King would have fought loyally against the revolutionary forces; now, if they fight, they fight as rebels against a constituted State. Possession is nine points of the law; legality is nine points of the moral strength guiding those using physical force. To resist by force a Parliament Bill lacking the consent of Lords and Monarch is to resist legally; to resist an Act of Parliament passed by King, Lords and Commons is to act illegally. To fight a mob with policemen and soldiers on your side is loyalty; to fight civil and military forces properly put in action by the Government is disloyalty.

Our duty then is to strengthen and support the Monarchy, so that we may never find ourselves in the position of men fighting against the forces of the State put in action by a Radical Government in support of a measure that has passed the Commons by a chance majority, has been accepted by the Lords in craven fear of their social rank being diluted by a large accession of peers, and has received the assent of a Monarch wishing to be amiable and, as he thinks, constitutional, perhaps inexperienced in state-craft, and perhaps threatened by an overbearing Minister. Whereas in such a case as that of a bill attacking constituted things and the rights of individuals, passed by a chance and corrupt majority of the House of Commons, the House of Lords has only to stick to its guns, and the Monarch has only to consider the wishes of an important minority, to put loyalists on the right side of the fence when the upholders of revolution resort to violence.

I remain, sir, yours faithfully.

C. L. HALES.

# "THE GREEN ELEPHANT."

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

33 Grosvenor Road S.W., 31 July 1911.

SIR,—Renan once said that for writers there was one rule which should never, never, however great the temptation and whatever the circumstances, be broken; and that was never to reply to critics.

When the Press, almost with one accord, tells you not only that your work is tedious (this is unanswerable, for if they find it tedious they have a perfect right to say so), but also that your meaning and aim are totally different from what you have imagined in your wildest dreams, the temptation to answer something is very great. I should certainly have succumbed to it before, but for one little circumstance. I have been a dramatic critic myself—that is to say, I have written notices of plays immediately after their performance, which appeared the next day in a daily paper, and which were written at top speed, every sheet being whisked off to the printer by the office boy as soon as it was scribbled. I therefore know and understand something about the position, and the frame of mind of the dramatic critic. I have no hesitation in saying that a dramatic critic, admirable though his work may be, and often is, is placed in a very unfair situation, if it be expected of him to give any idea of the impression produced by the play on the average playgoer. It seems to me quite impossible that he should be able to do this, owing to the simple fact that he is obliged to write about the play, and the average playgoer has no other obligation than to sit and enjoy it, or if he is bored to get up and leave the theatre. The critic is expected to write a coherent version of the plot of the play, and now that the newspapers go to press so early, he is frequently obliged to leave before the last act, in order to get any writing done at all. This being so, how in the world is he to perform the task if the play has not been published, supposing there are fresh developments in the last act? How in the world also is he able to record the final impression made by the play on the public if he cannot remain till the end? Moreover, the frame of mind of a critic who is obliged to go to every first night "for living not for choice", must necessarily be quite different from that of the man who is willing to pay 10s. 6d., 2s. 6d., or 1s., as the case may be, in order to see a play. To expect a critic to approach a play in the same frame of mind as the average man, is like expecting a grocer's assistant to enjoy eating sugar candy as much as a child does. For this and for many other reasons I think that all attacks made on the critics by playwrights, actors, and managers are unfair.

I should not therefore have yielded to the temptation of discussing the matter with regard to a play of mine, had not I been asked by a correspondent in your columns to state whether he or the critics were right in their respective theories with regard to the aim and meaning of "The Green Elephant". This has happened; and I feel not only that it would be discourteous not to reply, but the temptation to do so is too strong. I hasten therefore to assure your correspondent Mr. Dixon Scott that "The Green Elephant" was meant neither as the cheap "spoof" which some of the newspapers said it was, nor as the super-subtle satire which your critic "P. J." considered it to be. It was simply meant to be a play, if possible an amusing play. Somebody once said that you ought to be able to tell the plot of any play on half a sheet of notepaper. If I had to do this with regard to "The Green Elephant" I should do it as follows: A foolish, extravagant and irresponsible woman being in debt pawns a jewel. She does not dare tell her husband she has done this. Her husband discovers the absence of the jewel, and in order to find it calls in the assistance of an amateur "Sherlock Holmes". The "Sherlock Holmes" has a private secretary who happens to be a thief. He takes advantage of the situation in order to steal other jewels of greater value. These jewels, however, are sham, because the irre-

sponsible lady has pawned the real ones. But just as she is thinking that she has cornered the thief and forced him to give back the jewels and is well out of the business, she realises that the thief has left behind the jewels because he knows they are sham, and has taken the pawn-tickets. In other words, my object was to take a possible case affecting real human beings, and to develop from it a chain of improbable circumstances, not too improbable to stand the glare of the footlights. I had no other aim than to make the plot entertaining and the characters natural. As far as the public was concerned, one member of it at least, your correspondent, was amused. As far as the critics were concerned, I failed signally. They said what a famous Eton character used constantly to say to the boys: "Is it a joke or is it an insult?" So little did they understand the plot that your clever critic "P. J." stated in his article that he had no idea what happened to the "Green Elephant", but his theory was that the gentleman burglar stole it. I tried to make it clear all through the play without deliberately stating the fact that the lady had pawned the jewel herself. In the last act she says so in so many words. She says, "I pawned the Green Elephant". A boy of nine years old who was taken to see the play during its run had, I am told, no difficulty in grasping this fact. I have now broken the golden maxim recommended by Renan. I have done so deliberately because since my play has been taken off I have seen it stated in the Press that I was engaged in revising it, in order to make it clear that I had meant it to be a parody of detective plays. I seize therefore this opportunity of thanking your correspondent for his appreciation, and of saying at the same time that I am doing nothing of the sort. If "The Green Elephant" is ever produced again, when the heat waves are over, the public will be the only judge of whether I have succeeded or not. It was simply meant to be a play. It either is or it isn't; and of this the public is the only judge.

I am, Sir, yours very truly

MAURICE BARING.

#### S. CATHERINE OF SIENA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

52 Harley Street, Cavendish Square W.

12 July 1911.

SIR,—Will you allow me a few lines of comment on the review of my book, "The Mystic Bride: a Study of the Life Story of Catherine of Siena", entitled "A Quack Mrs. Jameson"?

I do not object to be placed in any relation of comparison with Mrs. Jameson which infers an admiration of the genius and capability of that writer. Neither do I object to any honest expression of opinion concerning the worth or the worthlessness of my books or to the harshest criticisms of them, provided those criticisms be genuine and thoughtful.

But I must complain of the misrepresentation of the statement that I have propounded "that pet hypothesis of Protestantism that, had S. Catherine lived in the enlightened 1911 instead of in the century she did, she might have been a Protestant"!

The following extracts from what your critic calls "325 pages of the vapourings . . . of an evidently strongly-biased Protestant mind" prove, I think, that I dispute rather than propound the "pet hypothesis" which annoys him.

I quote from pp. 207, 209, 222 and 223 of my book:

"Catherine's zeal for the reform of the lives of the shepherds of Christ's flock and her vehemence in pressing his duty in this respect on the timid but well-meaning holder of the 'Keys of the Blood' have led some writers—notably Mrs. Josephine Butler—to propound the theory that if the Saint had lived in a later century she would have been a Protestant. But if by Protestant is meant a scorner of authority and tradition and a zealot for the dismemberment and disintegration of the body catholic, it is a mistake

to suppose that Catherine of Siena could ever have become one. . . . Catherine was impressionable—a woman who is not either a mechanism or a monster—it is impossible therefore to say exactly what, in a quite different environment and under quite other conditions her views would or would not have been. But the spirit of Catholicism is eternal, even as is the spirit of Protestantism, and a summary transporting through time would not render the Catholic-minded of one age and country anything but Catholic-minded in another time and place. Catherine's mind was essentially of the Catholic type, using the word Catholic in its highest if not also in its fullest sense. . . . Catherine could never have been a Protestant inwardly and of conscious choice, though she might, in the problematical later time of Mrs. Butler's naming, have outwardly worn the label of a denomination other than that of 'Roman Catholic'."

And again:

"The placing of Catherine essentially, as actually, more upon the Catholic than the Protestant side in thought and religion is not to be regarded as a disparagement of her intelligence and honesty; much less should it be reckoned that the Catholic instincts of her make her less typically a woman or more particularly and locally an Italian and a Mediæval."

Thanking you in anticipation for the insertion of this letter,

I am faithfully yours

JERUSHA D. RICHARDSON  
(Mrs. Aubrey Richardson).

#### SCOTT'S LATIN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

S. John's Wood, 21 July 1911.

SIR,—Like Thackeray, Scott was not invariably correct in his Latin quotations. In all the earlier editions of "Quentin Durward" it will be found, on reference to volume i. chapter 10, that King Louis is made to say "custodiat" instead of "custodiet" when he quotes the well-worn sentence which should run "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?"

Yours faithfully

ALGERNON WARREN.

#### THE OUTLOOK FOR THE HOSPITALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—One point which seems to me to appear from the discussions on the Insurance Bill is that the measure is the first step towards the State Hospital.

In the disputes between the Friendly Societies and the doctors which will be inevitable, whatever amendments may be inserted with a view to meet their respective objections, patients will be relegated to the hospitals wholesale. That will put an increased burden on the hospitals, whose resources are even now often sorely taxed, and this new burden will come at a time when as the direct result of the operation of the Bill subscriptions are falling off. I notice that Mr. F. H. Norman, at the meeting of the Metropolitan Hospital Sunday Fund on Tuesday, said a great many supporters of the hospitals have given notice that they intend to reduce, if not discontinue, their subscriptions.

Hence the hospitals will be hit both ways. There can only be one way out of the difficulty in which they will be placed. The State will have to take them over. Has that contingency been reckoned with? State intervention is like the stone in the millpond.

Yours very truly.

A. O. O. F.

## REVIEWS.

"A PRESENT FROM OXFORD."

"A History of England." By C. R. L. Fletcher and Rudyard Kipling. Pictures by Henry Ford. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

THE letterpress of this book is just a powder to excuse Mr. Kipling's jam. Of course, it is possible that Mr. Fletcher's imagination was fired by the ambition of introducing the Muse of History in *deshabille* to "all boys and girls who are interested in the story of Great Britain and her Empire", and that then he persuaded our modern Tyrtæus to drop occasionally into poetry. But the cheap quarto looks like a "present from Oxford" that has been written and illustrated round twenty-three otherwise unsaleable "poems". Frankly, they are for the most part poor doggerel. Only a line or two here and there rings strong and bell-like. There is some lilt in "The Reeds of Runnymede", where, it seems, the barons "settled John" and made "the first attack on Right Divine" with their "curt, uncompromising 'Sign!' " (Did he sign?) But it is a somewhat supervacaneous modesty which forbids the reviewer to cull more than three verses in all from a poetic garland which describes how

"The poor sea-sick passengers, English and French,  
Must open their trunks on the Custom-house bench,  
While the officers rummage for smuggled cigars,  
And nobody thinks of our bloodthirsty wars!"

In usum puerorum, no doubt, et puellarum. Yet the last thing which real boy and girl readers care for is studied puerility. The prose of this book has had to live down to its verse, and Mr. Fletcher is evidently pre-occupied with the necessity of being slangy, jaunty and arch. Henry V. was "not a bad fellow", the Empress Maud was "a horrid female", a lot of the cave-men were sneaks, and Tories considered dissenters brutes. People are shoved aside, colonies are mopped up, and Roman gentlemen "cursed the 'beastly English climate' ". Breeziness is all very well, but a perfect Euroclydon is let loose upon us in these pages. Yet ever and anon Mr. Kipling is heard singing, like (yet how unlike) a linnet in the pauses of the wind.

Possibly there is something wrong with our literary taste, or the aim of the volume is perhaps not literature, but history. We confess that the anger which it has stirred in the breast of the Liberal Press made us expect some wholesome and unconventional reading. But Liberalism may rest quiet in its bed. Certainly there is a good deal about fighting in the book. The authors desire a strong Navy, bid England "always beware of the north-east wind", and wish the freeborn Briton would talk less about his rights and think more about his duties. They daresay that what the people wills is not always wise or good, and they point out that the English have always liked to be led by gentlemen—this, certainly, sounds like an unkind reflection on the projected electro-plate nobility and its only-begetters. The United States are acknowledged to have had their birth in mean ingratitude. But, apart from some relief of this kind, the book is a mixture of the stale old Whig and Protestant prejudices with that kiplingesque jingoism, vulgar and bullying, which is as far removed from the true cavalier toryism as anything can be. Patriotism is a good thing, but why for God's Englishmen more than for God's Spaniards? It is mere insolence to assume that what is "un-English" is necessarily base. Kingsley cast an aureole of romance over Anglo-Saxonism, but Mr. Fletcher grants that the race conquered by the Normans had become "sleepy, fat, drunken, unenterprising", and greatly in need of being disciplined and governed by a people of finer mould. The English have some solid and admirable national characteristics, but these need complementing and correcting by an infusion of something spiritual.

A history for young people which says nothing whatever about the work for humanity of those great con-

structive and imaginative ages to which we owe most of whatever art, poetry and spiritual idealism we possess is false history. But to our authors the era of the cathedral-builders and the Crusades, of Francis, Dominic, Catherine and "S. Thomas Becket" (as they call him), is merely a dark age from which the world was delivered by "Protestantism". Mr. Kipling calls it a "long, bad dream", from which men suddenly arose, with burst fetters, and

"Everyone smiles at his neighbour and tells him his soul is his own!"

Mr. Fletcher knows rather more history than this. But to him too a monk is merely a man who neglects his worldly duties to save his own soul, belief that the bread and wine by consecration become Christ's Body and Blood—the phrase, we may observe, is that of the Scottish Eucharistic office—is on a par with belief that the earth is flat, and auricular confession is made impossible by possession of an open Bible. Mr. Fletcher uses always the old crude terminology of "Catholic" and "Protestant". By-the-bye, he says that a band of English scholars called themselves Protestants in 1527—two years before the Diet of Spire! The idea of the Reformation which he presents is the simple one taught in Jesuit seminaries, viz. that the Tudors abolished the historic Catholic Church and founded a new "national" Protestant one in its place. Spain, of course, "wanted to keep her stupid, cruel Catholic kings and priests", but sturdy England would stand no ecclesiastical nonsense! At the present day we are too well enlightened to think that creeds matter. It is true that "differences of opinion upon religion still exist, and still occasionally lead to squabbles between Churchmen and Dissenters, but they are being smoothed away; of all passions religious hatred is now seen to be the most odious, and all reasonable men acknowledge that the teaching of sound morality is the main duty of all religious bodies". Can this cheap and Philistine stuff really come from the common-room of All Souls? Mr. Fletcher at any rate should know the meaning of "*Debetur pueris reverentia*".

It is something, perhaps, to find signs of a breaking away from Green's acrid Liberalism and malevolent anti-Churchism, on which the younger generation has been nurtured. Growth of historical knowledge has made some of the old misrepresentations impossible. Parliamentary institutions are no longer supposed to have come down from heaven. The Stuarts are recognised to have been mild and over-scrupulous inheritors of an autocracy which happened to be the law of the land, though it was out of harmony with the new temper of revolt, and Charles I. is acknowledged to have been done to death not because he was a tyrant, but because he was a devoted Churchman. Mr. Fletcher is constrained to give him the name "martyr". He does justice, on a later page, to the Old Chevalier, whom he goes out of his way to call "James III., our lawful King". But his account of the Stuart period is mostly in the old rut. Pilgrim Fathers—on whom, for their cruelties to the natives and their fellow-Christians, York Powell used to wish Plymouth Rock had landed, instead of vice versa—were, of course, sturdy and pious pioneers of freedom. The Great Rebellion was waged with the greatest chivalry and mercy—but what then of the hundred poor Irishwomen butchered after Naseby, and the slashed faces of their English sisters? Or what of the Colchester murders? Or the sale of prisoners-of-war as slaves? Oliver was a "man of the most lofty character", and that crafty scoundrel, the first George, was "a dull, honest fellow". Mr. Fletcher asserts that few mediæval monarchs can have had any high idea of duty towards their people, because a kingdom was looked on as an estate—*rex Angliæ* instead of *Anglorum*. Hard on landlords! Similarly Charles I.'s adherence to the personal government of his predecessors is held to show that he never thought of himself as "servant" of his people—does Mr. Fletcher mean that He who was among His disciples "as one that serveth" held office at their will? And why must he say that Mary Tudor



cared little for her countrymen because she cared first for her Church? But anything is thought good enough for a seven-and-sixpenny patriotic gift-book. It is surprising, however, that the Oxford Press should be responsible for "history" which states that S. Edward was called the Confessor because he was always confessing sins, and that the provincial Convocations of the clergy originated in the allowance of Edward I. We prefer Little Arthur and the excellent Mrs. Markham.

#### A SOUTH AFRICAN NOTE-BOOK.

**"A Holiday in South Africa." By the Right Hon. Sir H. Mortimer Durand. London: Blackwood. 1911. 6s.**

SIR MORTIMER DURAND visited South Africa in the autumn of 1908 "to see the country and to watch on the spot the progress of the movement which has now resulted in the birth of a new nation". Hence these sketches, reprinted as they originally appeared in "Maga" and welcome, let us add, where there seemed nor room nor pretext for another chapter even of South African impressions. This writer is not eloquent like Mr. Froude, whose pictures of Cape Peninsula and High Veldt are still the best in that gigantic (and heart-breaking) African gallery. Nor is Sir Mortimer's knowledge of his subject "extensive and peculiar"; how should it be? But he writes with an extreme urbanity and freshness; he has the seeing eye, a rare knowledge of, and temper for, affairs. And South Africans of all shades of opinion must admire—perhaps stand amazed at—the easy comprehensiveness of this unpretending survey. It is curious to learn (on page 31) that Kimberley is "the centre of a certain gambling spirit which seems to pervade South Africa". The remark was apposite some five-and-twenty years ago before order replaced chaos on the diamond-fields, and much that was Kimberley flitted to the Transvaal. But we detect no other "howler" if this be one; and generally South African conditions are faithfully mirrored here, from Capetown and Kimberley to Potchefstroom and Pretoria and Salisbury and Bulawayo.

On the battlefields of Natal Sir Mortimer writes like an old soldier and a student of the literature of war. He can explain Majuba no better than the rest of us, but finds it "impossible for any man who studies the evidence on the subject to resist the conviction that the spirit then"—after the British Government's surrender—"engendered among the Boers led directly to the great war of 1899. . . . England paid for that surrender twenty years later with thousands of brave young lives". As for that war itself, like the German Headquarters Staff Sir Mortimer probably feels that we make too much pother about our reverses. At the worst, on the Tugela, the Germans pronounced that "the British army were not, but their Commanding Officer's resolution was beaten", or words to that effect. Nor did he need the tributes of Boer generals to deepen his admiration for our rank-and-file and for the regimental officers who led them. On the regimental officers he quotes Mr. Roosevelt and Admiral Mahan with point and effect, and so we will quote our ex-Ambassador: "Almost all our disasters are due to ourselves, not to the soldier or the regimental officer, or even, as a rule, to the general in command. Time after time we go to war unprepared, and expect our men to do impossible things. They often do them; but they sometimes fail, and then we throw the whole blame upon their heads."

As to the upshot of the war of '99, Sir Mortimer Durand is clear-eyed but hopeful. He knows that racial feeling in South Africa is not dead, that they deceive us who pretend otherwise. He recognises, too, that General Botha is but one man whose following may not prove strong enough to carry the rest of his countrymen with him. As Lord Selborne tersely put it, we must beware lest we "confound the aim of the future with the realities of the present". But South Africa knows very well, the gibberings of General Herzog's organ notwithstanding, that she cannot stand alone. Her most

partisan Dutch children, at their worst, prefer the "rooinek" to any other brand of European and have their own quiet grudge against one European Power in particular. And time is on the side of Botha and Jameson, those self-less and predestined brothers. Sir Mortimer's chapter on "Commemoration Day" and on "the American Civil War and the war of 1899" give hopefully to think. Certainly the evolution of a national spirit in South Africa is no sick man's dream or dream out of the ivory gate.

There are shrewd, attractive chapters on the climate of South Africa, which is generally esteemed delightful, but perhaps tending on the whole to make "a white man's energy spasmodic, his periods of repose prolonged"; on South African sport, wherein the conscienceless sportsman from home is gravely and justly condemned; and specially we note the chapter on Rhodesia. It is there, beyond the South Africa of the Union, that an Englishman's hopes are centred. Sir Mortimer Durand suggests that we make too little of that miracle of Rhodesia, as we do of Jameson's original Matabele campaign, which President Kruger, no admirer of British generalship, praised loudly in the ears of the reviewer. He felt moved in Rhodesia to a "deep gratitude" to Cecil Rhodes and to a deep admiration for the Rhodesian. "Horrible", he thought it, "to find English names scrawled over every spot, however sacred", even over the lonely grave of Cecil Rhodes, and saw therein a sign of "that roughness of thought and feeling which combine with other causes to make us disliked by foreign nations". But for all that, to see the Englishman in strange lands is to revive our hope in him. If we can hold in our hearts that patriotism does not consist in flag-wagging, but in certain immemorial simple duties, a readiness in our women to bear children, in our men to bear arms; if, in a word, we can be loyal to the Empire, cease patronising our fellow subjects and ensure the great work of Imperial organisation, we shall manage yet. Sir Mortimer Durand is of those who are best qualified to be our guides—amiable and tolerant, but shrewd and fearless too. We hope he will follow up this South African notebook with others of the same kind. His retirement was a loss to our diplomacy. Yet it is a stroke of luck for us that a man of his experience and judgment is at leisure to wander up and down our Empire and counsel us at home upon its problems.

#### THE ARCHÆOLOGIST IN EGYPT.

**"The Treasury of Ancient Egypt." By A. E. P. Weigall. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.**

MR. WEIGALL has the pen of a ready writer. Among the multitudinous books upon Egypt that now pour from the press there are a few, it is true, which possess the same fascination of style, but it is difficult to find any others which combine this fascination of style with a first-hand acquaintance with the country and its people. Mr. Weigall's position as Inspector-General of the Antiquities of Upper Egypt gives him unrivalled opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the subjects about which he treats, and before he became a Government official he did yeoman service in Egyptian archæological research. In his case the charm of style is added to the knowledge of the expert. Would that the combination were more common!

The most obscure part of the book is its title, and we have to read the volume to its end before we discover why the archæological wealth of ancient Egypt should be termed in somewhat affected parlance its "Treasury". Some of the chapters have already appeared as magazine articles; most of them, however, are new. One of the best is the first, on the value of archæology, and others besides lovers of Egyptian art would do well to ponder on a remark made in it that "a person who fills a drawing-room with chairs, tables and ornaments, dating from the reign of Queen Anne, cannot say that he does so because he wishes it to look

like a room of that date; for if this were his desire, he would have to furnish it with objects which appeared to be newly made, since in the days of Queen Anne the first quality noticeable in them would have been their newness". Another good chapter is the second, which is full of examples of modern Egyptian folk-lore and customs that take us back to the days of the Pharaohs. Mr. Weigall tells us, among other things, of "an Egyptian gentleman holding an important administrative post", who informed him that "his cousin was wont to change himself into a cat at night time, and to prow about the town. When a boy, his father noticed this peculiarity, and on one occasion chased and beat the cat, with the result that the boy's body next morning was found to be covered with stripes and bruises. The uncle of my informant once read such strong language (magically) in a certain book that it began to tremble violently, and finally made a dash for it (sic) out of the window". As for the cat, it may be added that twins in Upper Egypt are believed to be able to assume a cat-like form at will, and M. Legrain has discovered a whole family at Karnak which has possessed the same power from immemorial times.

Mr. Weigall's third chapter, on "the Necessity of Archaeology to the Gaiety of the World", is unfortunately a blot on the rest of the volume, and the jaunty tone of somewhat vulgar journalism in which it is written proves that the author is still young. But the remaining chapters of the book are up to the usual level, and are full of good things excellently expressed. Not the least valuable is that on the temperament of the ancient Egyptians; as Mr. Weigall shows, the Egyptians of the Pharaonic era were as light-hearted and good-tempered as their modern descendants; the common idea that they were a people of solemn countenance continually engaged in preparing for the other world is due to the nature of the materials from which most of our knowledge of them is derived. If our knowledge of English character were dependent upon tombstones and the walls of churches we should have a very false conception of what it is like.

Mr. Weigall naturally repeats his favourite theories about the Heretic King, and he has a delightful chapter on "Theban Thieves", by whom he means tomb-robbers other than those approved of by the Government. In spite of his official position it is plain that he has a good deal of sympathy with them, and from an Egyptian point of view it is certainly difficult, if not impossible, to condemn them. "Antiquities", as he says, "are the product of the soil", and it is as natural for the fellahin "to scratch in the sand for antiquities as it is for us to pick flowers by the roadside". The mischief is that illicit digging on the part of the natives destroys all the archaeological value of a discovery; unless we know what objects have been found together they are of little use to the archaeologist, and not unfrequently illicit digging further means that for one object that is preserved half a dozen are destroyed. It may be questioned whether it would not be wiser, from an archaeological point of view, to admit the principle of free-trade in the excavation and sale of Egyptian antiquities, and so legalise and control a trade which it is impossible to stop.

In his chapter on the Flooding of Lower Nubia, Mr. Weigall holds a brief for the engineers and the destruction of Philæ. No one, however, knows better than himself that there is another side to the question, and how doubtful it is whether it is the fellahin or the rich capitalists who are really going to be benefited by the dam. The archaeological remains of Lower Nubia, moreover, cannot be exhausted in the short space of time allowed for the work, wonderfully thorough and rapid though it has been, and there are critics who maintain that perhaps it would have been better for the Nubian temples if the Museum Department had not been called upon to put them in repair.

Here and there the reader will be inclined to criticise Mr. Weigall's own averments. When he declares that "there are only two Egyptologists, Professor Breasted and Sir Gaston Maspero, who have ever set themselves to write a readable history", he has forgotten Brugsch;

and when he says on a later page that Horemheb substituted the worship of Amon for that of Aton "without force or violence", he has forgotten the inscription discovered by M. Legrain which shows that the reverse was actually the case. What he says about the modern Egyptian being physically, intellectually and morally the descendant of the Egyptians of the Pharaohs is true only of Upper and Middle Egypt, and even there only of those districts which were not, like Farshut and its neighbourhood, colonised in mediæval times by large bodies of Arabs. And why does he write "ch", as in the name of Chaghab for Shagab, when he means "sh"? "Ch" in English is a palatal and not a sibilant.

#### AGRICOLA'S WALL.

"The Roman Wall in Scotland." By George Macdonald M.A., LL.D. Glasgow: Maclehose. 1911.

DR. MACDONALD'S book is an excellent piece of work. Without impairing his credit, we may also reckon it as one of many brilliant examples of the influence that Professor Haverfield is exercising on the organisation and the right method of studying the history of Roman Britain. The author is by natural bent and by inheritance an enthusiastic and scientific archaeologist; but without the example and practical influence of the Oxford Professor it may be doubted whether he would have enjoyed the same advantages in the performance of his task. The school of British archaeology, of which Professor Haverfield is the centre, or at least the constant and trustworthy adviser, is doing a great deal of excellent work, another example of which we recently praised—Mr. Curie's account of the Roman fort excavated by him at Newstead-on-the-Tweed.

The line of the Roman wall between Forth and Clyde was marked by nature as the one natural boundary for the Empire within the island. The only alternative frontier that nature provides is the northern ocean. Agricola perceived this in A.D. 81, with the sure eye of a true soldier, and placed here his line of forts and the northern limit of the Roman world. Dr. Macdonald, on page 2, is inclined to think that the Emperor Domitian was right in abandoning the conquests of his subordinate, and to belittle the achievements of Agricola during "seven years of practically continuous warfare"; but, considering the apathy of preceding governors, the stubborn valour of the conquered tribes, and the excellence of the frontier chosen, we need not regard the praise that Tacitus lavishes on the great general as excessive. His plans were those of an excellent soldier, with keen insight, his success was great, and his conquests remarkable considering the difficulties of the case. Yet, as Dr. Macdonald says, Domitian in stopping the forward movement in Britain, probably had better motives than Tacitus allows. He felt that the strength of Rome was not able to grow to the wider limits, and he drew back. Hadrian also preferred organisation to growth, and attempted to guard the broad English frontier, eighty-two miles, a weak defence twice as long as the Scottish wall. Then about A.D. 140 another forward movement began under Lollius Urbicus; and the line of Agricola was made a permanent frontier, guarded in the true Roman fashion by a military road, and a series of forts at intervals of two to three miles, as well as by a wall built of sods. We must imagine that small bodies of troops were constantly patrolling the lines, and that any alarm would have brought a strong force from both sides to relieve the point of danger. The aim of Agricola was realised, but only for a short time. The Scottish frontier was abandoned finally after about forty years; and the cautious prudence of Domitian was finally justified. Rome had reached her limit on the north-west, and the limit fell short of Agricola's line. The only permanent conquests were those which were accompanied by trade, and followed by settlement and Roman civilisation. The traders of Rome went along with and even preceded her eagles.



In the marshy plains and the rugged mountains under the inclement sky of Caledonia there was nothing to tempt the southern traders; and Agricola's policy was that of a pure soldier, while Domitian's and Hadrian's prudence showed the instinct of the statesman.

In this connexion it is interesting to read Dr. Macdonald's account of the remains along this soldier's frontier. On page 363 we note that tools of various kinds, similar to those which are in use at the present day, are frequently found, though usually in bad preservation, in the forts. The metal corrodes in the damp soil. On the other hand, "weapons have so far been very rare"; only missiles of various sizes for artillery use are common. The proportion of these three classes of objects is characteristic. Even on a remote frontier, protected with difficulty and held only for a short period, Rome appears as the civilising power. "Masons, smiths, and carpenters" have left the most frequent traces: next to them come artillerymen, who fight with brains more than with personal strength: the plain fighting soldier appears very rarely. Rome rested her defence on skill and on the arts of peace throughout her history.

Dr. Macdonald's intention is to tell all that has yet been learned about the Roman wall, and he does it very thoroughly. He gives not merely an account of the wall step by step from the Clyde to the Forth, and of everything that has been found along it, but also a history of opinions about the wall, and a slight sketch of the Roman military system under the Empire. The real beginning of scientific study of the wall took place only in the last few years, when the Glasgow Archaeological Society, with small resources, set about a careful examination, aided by the spade, laying bare sections of the wall and disclosing its construction. The report of the Society on the work then done is the permanent basis for future study. This general examination was followed by excavation of three of the forts; and these enterprises made it possible to write this book.

We should, in conclusion, refer to a piece of evidence which we understand somewhat differently from Dr. Macdonald. He quotes Pausanias as mentioning that the Brigantes, a tribe inhabiting the northern part of England, "had entered on a war of aggression by invading the district of Genunia, which is subject to Rome. The district of Genunia is mentioned nowhere else". We do not think that the district is mentioned even by Pausanias, who speaks only of "the portion (or lot, or division of land) belonging to the tribe Genounii or Genounes". The difference is important. Dr. Macdonald's translation neglects the tribal organisation, which was characteristic of the Keltic lands. In the settled and thoroughly Romanised parts of Britain and Gaul the Roman division into cities and territories displaced the Keltic tribal system, and the tribal names disappeared; but in the mass of the Gaulish country, from Aquitaine to Belgium, the tribal names remain in French forms to the present day, and the tribal organisation persisted there through the Roman occupation far more thoroughly than in central and southern England. Here Pausanias has preserved a trace of the tribal system in the North of England, as is proved by the adjective translated "subject", which is masculine and plural.

#### NOVELS.

**"When the Red Gods Call."** By Beatrice Grimshaw. London: Mills and Boon. 1911. 6s.

Miss Grimshaw has written a book on New Guinea, of which she possesses an intimate acquaintance that falls to the lot of but few Englishwomen. She has now tried her hand with a novel having Papua for its scene. Anyone is fortunate who discovers a new world in which to set romances, but the discovery avails little without the power to render that world alive. Miss Grimshaw has all the local colour at the point of her pen, and she never hesitates to display her command of it. Sometimes she succeeds in painting the scene, but

more often she offers us a catalogue of effects which only tire the understanding. In Malaysia there is more colour than even an artist can handle, and in using it the question must always be how much can be left out. Miss Grimshaw is far from being an artist. She is an accurate observer, but she makes the mistake of trying to show simultaneously what is only seen consecutively. The result is a mere bewildering kaleidoscope, from which no definite impression, such as the reality produces, remains upon the mind. Tropical scenery, and especially that of the Asian archipelagoes, renders its effects with extraordinary distinctness, but only because it can subordinate all its scattered vividness to the sun-colour of any hour of the day. On a fine appreciation of that colour, and a studied neglect of secondary impressions, the capacity for reproducing its miracles of beauty depends. Miss Grimshaw might study Mr. Joseph Conrad to learn the abstinence of an artist's vision. Romantically she has made the mistake of putting most of her narrative into the mouth of a man, and of that particular breed of man which a woman seems alike incapable of ignoring and understanding. When in the second part of the book the narrator becomes a woman there is no real difference in the point of view. If Miss Grimshaw intends to use New Guinea again she might strive to attain a greater simplicity and directness, to prefer for purposes of narrative her own point of view, and to be as sparing as possible of that most uninteresting dialect, pidgin-English.

**"The Escape Agents."** By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. London: Laurie. 6s.

Warning:—This is a volume of short stories, and bears no indication of the fact on cover, title-page, or elsewhere. It is true that certain characters recur in some of the stories; but it should not be mistaken for a complete novel. We settled down to it quite happily, for the author's name and the opening words, "Captain Owen Kettle", bade us hope for more tales of that famous little sailor-man; but after this first story, which is not remarkably good, Captain Kettle does not appear again. In several of the subsequent stories, his place is inadequately filled by a certain Major Joseph Colt, who appears to have experienced a number of mild adventures in the rather indefinite wars of a hundred years ago; he crops up at various places and in divers manners, often in company with Mademoiselle Clarice de la Plage, a lady whose dramatic powers were denied by Napoleon, and who has therefore followed the fortunes of his wars as a vivandière. But the Major, being an American, is quite respectably affianced to a Miss Patience Collier, of Boston, who is writing a history of the Continental Wars from material supplied by the Major. If the half-dozen stories that deal with these characters had been allowed to stand alone, they might have passed muster as a piece of capable book-making; but between every pair of them has been inserted a story of another and usually inferior brand. There is reason to believe that the stories are not new—that they have appeared in magazines—where, we think, they might have been permitted to remain.

**"The Ninth Duchess."** By Gurner Gillman. London: Greening. 1911. 6s.

In a "foreword" to this novel the author tells us that it "is written in obedience to the wishes of those members of my public who, following the publication of 'Her Suburban Highness' wrote asking me to take them to Garstein again". Evidently there are people who like to have a castle called "a grim old fortalice", who won't mind an eighteenth-century duke speaking the language of every period but his own, now exclaiming, "Look you, fellow! an you lie I will hang you from this tree", and anon remarking "I am engineering a surprise". They may possibly admire the Princess of Garstein, who is fond of smiting gentlemen across the mouth, no less than the English nobleman aforesaid who, equally violent, swings her "off her feet" when he kisses her. It may even be something quite new to them that through the vagaries of a nightdress button



the Prince should discover that the pretty page—but the book is admittedly written to order. We fear the members of Mr. Gillman's "public" must be very indiscriminating, and a trifle vulgar.

### SHORTER NOTICES.

"Recollections of a Parisien." By Doctor Poumiès de la Siboutie. London: Murray. 1911. 10s. 6d. net.

Doctor Poumiès de la Siboutie went to Paris in 1810 in search of a fortune; and in 1815 he was a qualified medical man beginning his career. Paris was then in occupation of the Prussians, and from that time onwards the shrewd, observant doctor watched revolution and counter-revolution as a man aloof from politics, but immensely interested in what he saw, and in close contact with the men who made the history of his day. He was not by profession or by natural inclination a man of letters. It was a mere accident to which we owe the writing of these recollections. His career as a doctor was cut suddenly short by an illness which confined him for many months to a bed of pain and sickness, and it was in the leisure of convalescence that he first thought of writing down his memories of the men and events he had known. His memories begin almost with the Revolution and reach almost to the Third Republic. His journal is brightly written, and is full of vivid touches and pictures which come only of direct and personal observation. The doctor was a sincere man, and a patriot of the old school. "I hear there were several cases of corrupt practice at the last elections. May God protect France", he wrote 7 October 1863. Twelve days later he died. These recollections are not in any sense systematic, or written on any definite historical plan. But they abound in good stories of men and events which, taken together, would leave the most ignorant with some sense of the spirit and meaning of the time. Is there a better story of the pedantic spirit of the Revolution than the story of M. de Saint-Janvier? "What is your name?" "De—." "There are no more De." "Saint—." "There are none." "Janvier." "Janvier exists no longer." Ultimately the passport was made out: "citoyen Nivôse, ci-devant de Saint-Janvier". An inimitable anecdote of the July Revolution is another of those stories in which the atmosphere of a period is better conveyed than through volumes of state papers. "You have got no more than you deserve," said Deputyten to the wounded brought to him at the Hôtel-Dieu. "What have you got to do with politics, I should like to know?" A day or so after he burst into the ward exclaiming "You brave fellows! You have saved the country. You are heroes!" Success, in days of periodic revolution, is everything. Upon an anecdote of Chateaubriand the whole man may be reconstructed, as a beast from a single bone. Appointed Minister under the Restoration he at once asked his friend Delaporte to get him some visiting cards. Delaporte printed them:

Le Vicomte de Chateaubriand,  
Pair de France,  
Ministre des Affaires Etrangères.

Chateaubriand tore them up immediately and ordered others. They were printed:

Chateaubriand.

Anecdotes like these are good history in a memorable form when they come from the journal of a shrewd, faithful man of the world as was Doctor Poumiès de la Siboutie.

"The Voyage of the 'Why Not?' in the Antarctic." By Dr. Jean Charcot. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1911. 20s. net.

Dr. Charcot's journal of the second French South Polar Expedition (1908-10) has been translated by Mr. Philip Walsh. The book is of interest not only as a record of the adventures of the good ship "Pourquoi Pas?" and of the achievements of the expedition, but for certain reflections on human nature as seen under the trying ordeal of Antarctic solitudes. Dr. Charcot's work in the Far South entitles him to a place of honour beside men like Captain Scott and Sir Ernest Shackleton. He attacked the problem from a different point—the south-west of South America. Whilst admittedly keen to do things in the name of France, he made no attempt to supersede his predecessors who had located certain geographical points. The naming of what are believed to be discoveries is always a delicate matter. Dr. Charcot says that the quest of the South Pole seems unlikely to cease until the conquest, however arduous and long of accomplishment, is complete. The book is well illustrated from photographs.

"Letters from India." By Lady Wilson. London: Blackwood. 1911. 7s. 6d. net.

Lady Wilson is an exceptional correspondent, and these letters—touched up, no doubt, for purposes of publication—make admirable reading. Containing no word of scandal, they are yet full of lively observation, and afford intimate glimpses into the life led by British men and women in India. Lady Wilson writes simply and naturally, and finds interest in everything—in scenery, in customs, in ideas, in people. A note such as this seems to let in a flood of light on the conditions of English home-life in Hyderabad: "R. reads to us aloud in the evening, Chamberlain's great speech on Tariff Reform last night and then a chapter or two of Jane Austen's 'Emma', a book we adore". It was something to meet and talk with John Nicholson's orderly: it was more to spend some time in the company of Sir Francis Younghusband and learn from his own lips how he saved certain places in the Pamirs from the Russians, who were already in possession. When Sir Francis made his eventful journey from Peking to India his pocket companion contained his favourite extracts from Tennyson, and this he gave to Lady Tennyson after the Poet Laureate's death. This chatty, unpretentious collection of letters is unillustrated—a quite noteworthy omission in these camera-using days.

"The Book of the Zoo." By W. S. Berridge and W. Percival Westell. With 8 Coloured Plates and 64 Photographs by W. S. Berridge. London: Dent. 1911. 5s.

Under a title for which we cannot suppose them to have any official sanction, Messrs. Berridge and Westell have succeeded in writing a very dull book about the Zoological Gardens. Mr. Berridge is a diligent photographer with a journalistic camera ready for the episodic picture interesting in the daily press, but not worth even the relative permanence of a cheap book. Here are no studies of animals, but snapshots of keepers holding them up by their tails, packing or unpacking them, of creatures with surgical bandages, and many of a particular Fellow of the Society, whose doings we commend to the attention of the authorities, stroking lions and leopards, and so forth, through the bars, and obviously conscious of the photographer's flattering attention. The text is appropriate to the illustrations, and is a dismal medley of paraphrases of the late Mr. Scherren's history of the Zoological Society, of the sixpenny official Guide to the Gardens, and of various Press cuttings with the dull observations of the writers. It is to be said in their favour, however, that the authors do not try to be funny, and that except for a few trifling slips such information as they seek to convey is accurate.

"An Old Maid's Birthday." By T. C. Macnaghten. London: Elkin Mathews. 1911.

This is a pretty theme for a short sketch or story; but the author has chosen to write it as a play. Here is unfolded the last morning in the life of an old maid who lost Mr. Gerald in the Mutiny, and has since lived patiently on with her memories and books. It reads as if written many years ago; but, as it is only just published, that is probably the writer's skill. Most of us to-day would say that it was sentimental. Yet there are in it some passages of sincere feeling.

### THE AUGUST REVIEWS.

The two crises of the past month—the constitutional and the Moorish—occupy the preponderant amount of space in the August reviews. Curiously, on the constitutional question both the "Contemporary" and "Blackwood", in whose pages we might expect to find vigorous statements of party views, are silent. In the "Contemporary" Sir H. H. Johnston discusses racial problems and the Congress of Races and Mr. Andrew Carnegie spreads himself on the subject of arbitration. In "Blackwood" attention is given to Mr. Holmes' circular on elementary education, and Mr. Runciman's apology—which "would be farcical did not the tragedy of the children underlie it". Both, however, deal with Morocco, "Blackwood" a little contemptuously, so far as the naval importance of Agadir is concerned; on the general problem "Blackwood" points out that Germany considers the ascendancy which the French have now gained at Fez has reached the limits German interests can afford, and is anxious to reopen the question before France establishes herself in a way that may upset future deliberation. Mr. Bensusan, in the "Contemporary," traces the trouble to the financiers. "Morocco had no money, but had assets", and there stepped in the European financier. In other words Morocco is regarded as the victim of the wicked European prospector, and the only gleam of hope Mr. Bensusan

detects is that the Union of Moroccan Mines that followed the Franco-German agreement of February 1909 is to be dissolved, or at least remodelled. Dr. Dillon takes the line that the action of Germany is due to the necessity of protecting mythical Germans. By the agreement of 1909 France was bound to protect German subjects whose interests were threatened. "There was not one Teuton in the district. Consequently Germany proffered no complaint, uttered no request, demanded no protection, needed none. In a word she has no grievance whatever, no pretext for action". "German diplomacy rarely makes a mistake", "Blackwood" says. If the view advanced not only by Dr. Dillon but by Mr. Ellis Barker in the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Fortnightly", and by Mr. Laurence Jerrold, also in the "Fortnightly", be correct German diplomacy has made a mistake this time—but that remains to be seen. Mr. Ellis Barker—who in both the "Nineteenth Century" and the "Fortnightly" quaintly confesses that he is "a friend and admirer of Germany"—says German diplomacy has done an ill-service to the Empire, and if the course is not changed may "imperil Germany's future and may cost the Emperor his throne"—a view which at any rate has the merit of novelty. Mr. Laurence Jerrold is of opinion that France has now learned to stand up to Germany: she disgraced herself by sacrificing M. Delcassé in 1905 at Germany's bidding, she recovered her self-respect in 1908 over Casablanca, and to-day she meets the crisis with calm confidence—not perhaps quite as obvious to others as to Mr. Jerrold. "The real press and the real people are as gay and cool about Agadir 1911 as they were about Casablanca 1908. German diplomacy plays a pretty game, but it is not varied enough: the same stroke should not be made to do duty all the time."

Mr. Austin Harrison in the "English Review" finds the really serious part in the Moorish affair in Germany's disposition to invalidate international treaties at will, "for here the ethical side of diplomacy is offended, and things inherently immaterial in themselves assume the gravity of serious crises". What, by the way, does Mr. Harrison mean when he says "Morocco is a country without a road or a wheel, the only really barbaric land in Europe to-day, where there are dates but no women"? The "National Review" is so moved by German action in Morocco that it has even to gibe at its own party leaders. "This treacherous provocation called for an overwhelming naval demonstration, but our mandarins preferred to diplomatise"; Mr. Lloyd George made an unimpeachable speech, "but unfortunately British Cabinets imagine that speech=action". Earl Percy in the "National" has an article on Military Policy and War in which he examines pretty thoroughly the Continental conditions in which a war between France and Germany would be fought, and the conclusion can only be that all our talk of an "overseas army" amounts to nothing, and inspires contempt among foreign strategists. Earl Percy's article is one to be studied carefully by all who would get an idea of the character and extent to which in a military sense Great Britain could intervene. This might not seem to be the moment for naval economy. Yet Mr. Archibald Hurd in the "Fortnightly" says that the Navy Estimates of 1912-13 will show a reduction whichever party is in power, though whether the reduction will be temporary or permanent he does not pretend to know. "At present there is ground for believing that there will be no expansion of German naval power in the immediate future, and if this expectation is realised the British Navy estimates have this year reached the highest point to which they will attain during the present generation." Mr. Hurd says "we have the least reason of all the nations to complain of the pace in naval armaments set by Germany, because we have gained many solid advantages. The challenge to our supremacy has promoted a feeling of Imperial unity and led to the formation of Colonial fleets—strengthening the Imperial fleet. It has cemented our friendship with other Powers". His confidence in the reduction of naval estimates notwithstanding, Mr. Hurd admits that it depends on one factor only—the action of Germany—and he looks to British diplomacy to make it clear to Germany that she is beaten in the race for naval supremacy. British diplomacy may not find the task so easy.

An article in the "Fortnightly", headed "A Business-like King", has no direct bearing on the constitutional crisis, except in so far as it goes to show that King George sets himself out conscientiously to the discharge of duty, instead of surrendering to "the hustling and bustling pursuit of pleasure" so characteristic of the age. Professor J. H. Morgan, on the other hand, in the "Nineteenth Century", considers only the question of the use of the prerogative. He says he has good reason to know that the public will some day learn that the relations of the King and his Ministers in the present crisis have been wholly harmonious, and that talk of "the prostitution of the

Crown" is mischievous nonsense. The "National" is very strong in its denunciation of the Foozle and Boozle element in political life; it is more Halsburyite than Lord Halsbury himself. In its editorial notes it only mentions the King incidentally, but in an article on Anarchy and Scuttle it says that the Government will, if the Unionists stand firm, only succeed in carrying the Parliament Bill by an outrage on the Sovereign. It scouts the idea that King George is an "obedient automaton" of the Radical party, and is convinced that the Radicals dread the creation of peers, which may involve risks for themselves. The "National's" impatience with Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne for not placing themselves at the head of the Stalwarts is matched by "Aristarchus" in the "Fortnightly", who thinks that Mr. Balfour and Lord Lansdowne made an egregious blunder when they decided that the Conservative party was the party of the House of Lords. And then Lord Lansdowne replied to the Government's scheme for curbing the House of Lords with a scheme to destroy it. The Unionist leaders' idea that the Referendum was the card to play was "a gratuitous offence to the stalwarts of Tariff Reform" and merely another illustration of damn-the-consequences methods. "Aristarchus" thinks that Home Rule is now inevitable unless the Home Rulers fall out among themselves, "which is highly probable". Mr. Maurice Woods follows "Aristarchus" with an article on "Tory Democracy—the Road to Power". Tariff Reform and Social Reform must be the pillars of the party: tariffs must be part of a scheme for improving industrial conditions. Whig notions must be discarded, and there must be a return to the pure gospel of national and unadulterated Toryism. "This is not only the road to political success, but the path to national and Imperial greatness." A national tariff and a minimum wage, the preservation of health and efficiency are as much a matter of public concern, says Mr. Woods, "as the maintenance of an invincible Navy. If Toryism will once accept this view, the Tory Democracy will place its leaders in power before many months have run out".

For this Week's Books see page 182.

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The Veldt Woman (Sybil Cormack Smith); Ordeal by Marriage (Conway Vere). Murray and Evenden. 6s. each.  
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The Appin Murder: The Historical Basis of "Kidnapped" and "Catriona" (David N. Mackay). Glasgow: Wm. Hodge. 1s. net.

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The Growth of English Law (Edward Stanley Roscoe). Stevens and Sons. 7s. 6d.

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The Treason and Death of Benedict Arnold (John Jay Chapman). New York: Moffat, Yard. 3s. 6d. net.  
Mary and the Bramble; The Sale of Saint Thomas (Lascelles Abercrombie). Dymock, Gloucestershire: Published by the Author. 1s. net each.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

Elementary Account of the Declaration of London, 1909, An, and Some Kindred Matters (John Pawley Bate). Longmans, Green. 1s. net.  
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Learning and Other Essays (John Jay Chapman). New York: Moffat, Yard. 5s. net.  
Political Confession of a Practical Idealist, The. Smith, Elder. 3d. net.  
Province of the State, The (Sir Roland K. Wilson, Bart.); Panama Canal, The (Marmodio Arias). 10s. 6d. King.  
Register, A, of the Members of S. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. Vol. VII. Fellows: 1882-1910. (William Dunn Macray). Frowde. 6s. net.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES FOR AUGUST.—The National Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Hindustan Review, 8 annas; The Treasury, 6d. net; The Modern Language Review, 4s. net; The American Historical Review, 1 dollar; The Socialist Review, 6d. net; The Englishwoman, 1s. net; The Financial Review of Reviews, 1s. net; Blackwood's Magazine, 2s. 6d.; The Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, 2s. 6d.; Harper's Monthly Magazine, 1s.; The Musical Times, 3d.; The Art Journal, 1s. net; The Century Magazine, 1s. 4d.; The United Service Magazine, 2s.; The Town Planning Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Empire Review, 1s. net; The Vineyard, 6d. net; The Book Monthly, 6d. net; Deutsche Rundschau; Mercure de France, 1/7. 50c.; The Westminster Review, 2s. 6d. net; The Antiquary, 6d.; Revue des Deux Mondes, 3/7.; Le Monde, 3/7.; The Church Quarterly Review, 3s.; The Charity Organisation Review, 6d.; The Geographical Journal, 2s.

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## THRELFALL'S BREWERY.

THE Twenty-fourth Annual General Meeting of Threlfall's Brewery, Limited, was held on Thursday, Mr. Peter Joseph Feeny, J.P., presiding.

The Chairman said it was highly gratifying to him, considering the excessive taxation which had been imposed upon the trade, to be in a position to submit such a satisfactory report of the Company's business during the past year. They had treated their accounts in the same way as last year, but in comparing them it would be necessary for the shareholders to take into consideration that the Company had had to pay increased license duties, under the Finance Act, for the full year. The profit on trading account this year was £185,598, as against £173,142 last year, being an increase of £12,455. There had been written off for depreciation the sum of £30,105, as against £25,615 last year, an increase of £4,489. They had added £1,000 to Workmen's Compensation Fund, had written off £885 for expenses in connection with the debenture stock issue, and they carried forward to next year the substantial sum of £38,098. With respect to the issue made of a portion of their debenture stock, he would like to say that many of their large depositors intimated to the Board that they were willing to accept that stock, in exchange for their deposits, at market price. The directors accordingly notified the whole of the debenture stockholders to that effect, giving them the opportunity to make application, and the result was that there had been allotted £350,000 at £80 per £100 stock, which was then the market price. They received in cash, or in exchange for deposits, the sum of £280,000, and the discount of £70,000 had been taken from the reserve fund. This issue was made without paying any commission whatever, the only expenses incurred being £885, which included £625 for stamping the debenture trust deed, the remaining £260 being for printing, postages, clerical work, etc. He was sure that shareholders would agree that in adopting this course the directors had materially strengthened the financial status of the Company. To be able to present such a satisfactory report of their business in these troublous times was very pleasing indeed, and they all felt sure that it was due, to a very great extent, to the able management of their excellent managing director, Mr. George Barker, who spared neither time nor energy in promoting the welfare of the Company. He concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. George Barker (managing director) seconded the motion.

Mr. Hedges congratulated the board upon the report and said he thought the issue of the debentures to depositors was a sound financial transaction.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

Mr. Barker proposed the re-election of the retiring directors, Mr. Charles Threlfall, J.P., and Mr. William Griffin. Mr. Charles Threlfall had given long and faithful services to the Company since its formation, and he (the speaker) hoped that their Chairman would soon be restored to health. Mr. Griffin had been on the board for five years, during which period he had held a very important position in the management of the Company. He thoroughly knew all the details of the business, and had proved of invaluable assistance to him.

Captain Charles Morris Threlfall seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman and directors and the employees of the Company for their excellent services during the past year was accorded, and the proceedings terminated.

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